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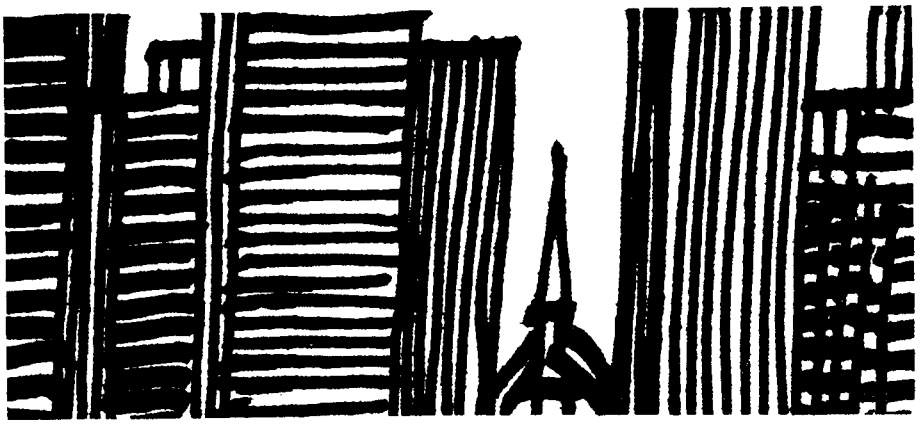

WORLD APARTHEID

The failure of present social principles

Tissa Balasuriya

THE GRAPE STRIKE

Michael Novak

BIRTH CONTROL—WHAT HAPPENED?

Gregory Baum

THE NEW NEGRO CASUALTIES

J. Michael Arisman

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NEWS & VIEWS

Brief essay on the relevance of the Friday abstinence to the non-Western world:

"We must listen to a missionary bishop at the Council who told me that one of his flock came to him one day and said, 'I ate meat on Friday.' The bishop asked him where he got the meat, and the man answered: 'I killed a rat on Friday and since it would not keep until Saturday, I ate it. It was my first meat in two months.' The bishop went on to tell me that some of his people who found rats on Friday broke their legs and thus were able to keep them until Saturday when they could eat them."

—from Bishop Sheen's column

•

Crushing letter in the Brooklyn *Tablet* about the picketing of the New York Chancery Office by Fordham students in protest over the exile of Father Daniel Berrigan:

". . . One of the students, identified by the (N. Y.) *Times* as one Thomas McDermott, 19, a junior at Fordham, was quoted as attacking 'the basic *conservatism*' of the New York Archdiocese. In the same issue of the *Times* (p. 30) there is an article about the 20th anniversary of the notorious organization of 'Catholic Communists' in Poland called Pax. Boleslaw Piasecki, in the presence of the Red Dictator Gomulka, is reported as publicly attacking the Church in Poland for being *'conservative.'* I consider further comment unnecessary."

•

The autumn issue of the Canadian Catholic monthly, *Maintenant*, has arrived at our office, signalling the final round of what has been termed the "*Maintenant* affair." It began last July when the magazine's editor, a Dominican, Father Bradet, was suddenly removed from his post by his provincial superior. The action was taken, it turned out, on the orders of the Master General of the Dominican order, who had found Father Bradet's style of journalism lacking in prudence and objectivity. But the removal of Father Bradet stirred up a considerable storm in Canada where *Maintenant*'s criticism of certain traditional aspects of the Church in Canada had been quite controversial. The magazine, though under the control of the Dominicans, had several lay editors, and these resigned in protest of the measure's threatening *Maintenant*'s editorial policies. A complicated series of audiences and meetings ensued, the upshot of which was that *Maintenant* has reappeared pledged to its former policies, equipped with a new Dominican editor, but granted much more independence from the Dominican order and a wide degree of lay control. The first issue of the new *Maintenant* declares itself "a Christian journal of opinion along the line of COMMONWEAL in the United States, *Informations Catholiques Internationales,* or *Témoignage Chrétien* in France."

•

An ad in the New York *Times Book Review* for *The Catholic Cook Book:*

"PROBABLY THE SECOND MOST IMPORTANT BOOK FOR THE CATHOLIC HOME"

"Here's why—it will revive and preserve the religious cookery of the old world—a knowledge which is fast becoming lost to fourth and fifth generation American homemakers.

"Here's why—it will bring back to your Catholic home the rewarding customs of serving special foods on days of feast, fast and abstinence—foods which heighten the religious significance of these days because they have been traditionally appropriate for these occasions. . . . How about carnival pancakes for Shrove Tuesday? Or *Anitra al cognac* for St. Michael's Day? Or Omelette Neapolitan for a fast day? Or skewered beef Roman-style for the feast of St. Anthony?"

Or maybe humble pie on the feast of St. Philomena?

•

The Gospel applied to Vietnam:

" 'The United States has the strength, the capability, the weapons, and the know-how for finishing off the forces of North Vietnam in 48 hours,' Father Joseph Sebes, S.J., said at a meeting. . . . Father Sebes, a veteran of missions in China and former regent of Georgetown's famous foreign service school and now director of the business administration school, said that up to now, the U.S. has been fighting with 'one hand tied behind its back.' He predicted that if Hanoi does not come to the conference table sometime around Jan. 1, the United States 'will begin fighting the war with both hands.' "

•

Is the work of the Vatican Council filtering down to the local level? *Ave Maria* magazine undertook a survey of 125 dioceses, and reported its depressing results: "We found that there has been very little progress in any formulation of concrete action, and even apathy on the part of bishop, priests, religious and laymen." Questionnaires went to editors of diocesan papers. Only 25 bothered to reply, which *Ave Maria* noted, was "in itself . . . an indication of the level of interest."

Challenge, a lay Catholic review published in Johannesburg, also addressed itself to the impact of the Council thus far: "Here in South Africa laymen have experienced the Council mainly through the changes in the liturgy, to a lesser extent in a new understanding of the role of the laity in the Church, and hardly at all in an appreciation of the place of the Church in the modern world. In spite of the confusion inevitable in a period of transition, the changes in the liturgy can already be seen to be of great value. As far as the role of the laity is concerned, there is little external sign that the atmosphere has changed since the Council began."

JOHN LEO

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Moynihan Report

Warner Robins, Ga.

To the Editors: In Mr. Herbert J. Gans' article "The Negro Family" [October 15], a basic assumption is that the economic independence of the Negro female, or any female, places her in a position of economic and familial superiority. I submit that that assumption does not conform to reality. A more accurate statement would be that economic dependence, such as that often endured by the Negro male, and still more often by the female of most ethnic groups, produces economic and familial inferiority.

Mr. Gans' assertions that to "provide the economic support . . . is a principal male function in American society" and that "politics is . . . a male activity" are superficial generalizations that ignore the main thrust of present creative thinking about the place of women in society.

It is my contention that marriage as an institution cannot survive if its foundation is the economic dependence of the female. Rather, the marriage of the future (and of the present, in enlightened circles) is a union of two free, equal, and economically self-sufficient persons who for emotional, psychological, and spiritual reasons decide to unite their lives. The dominant feature of their alliance is the Christ-love they bear for one another. WILLIE CORS

"Milk and Cookies"

Valley Stream, N.Y.

To the Editors: The gentleman responsible for the editorial, "From Glory to Shame" [Editorial on Father Berrigan's transfer, Dec. 3], should be given his warm milk and cookies and put to bed until his mind clears. To my mind this superb arrogance takes the cake.

I sometimes suspect that this item and its ilk are inspired by a subconscious desire to wreak vengeance for

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HEROD'S ANGUISHED DECISION

History is often unfair to men who have to make hard decisions. King Herod, the traditional villain of the Christmas story, is a good example. No doubt he was a bit jealous of his authority; kings are often like that. But he was not insensitive to the worries of his people and they were as troubled as he by the news of a new king (Matt. 2:3). Of course, something had to be done. It was to the credit of Herod that he took counsel with the "chief priests and Scribes of the people," for it is not every day that sovereigns seek the opinions of religious leaders. As it happened, they were informative, telling Herod that the Christ was, according to the prophet, to be born in Bethlehem. This confirmed the story being spread by the Magi and it was a simple enough matter to ask them if they would, please, in a discreet manner bring him some further details.

Exactly what Herod at first proposed to do with the information is not recorded, nor is there any record of the course recommended by the chief priests and Scribes. One way or another, however, Herod concluded that the new king should be put to death (it was not, we must suppose, an easy decision). Everything now depended upon the Magi. And that was a blunder on Herod's part. He could hardly have guessed, though, that they would trick him and go home another way. Naturally, he got angry; wouldn't you? And so "he sent and slew all the boys in Bethlehem and all its neighborhood who were two years old or under . . ." (Matt. 2:16).

Let us grant that this was a rather excessive way of handling the matter. We are almost tempted to say that his solution violated some traditional norms of morality; yet that would be uncharitable, at least until all the

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facts are in, St. Matthew's account is interesting, but hardly sufficient to condemn a man down through the ages.

The trouble with St. Matthew is a common one with overly zealous religious writers: he has no grasp of the demands of responsible political leadership. A good clue to this is that St. Matthew does not bother mentioning the king's duty to preserve his people from the obvious dangers of upstart revolutionaries. Nor does he take the trouble to point out that the slaying of the innocents was not done with malice toward them personally, but for the sake of the common good of his people. We have no reason to suppose that Herod was unsympathetic to the weeping of Rachel; war is hell, as the general once said, and no one knows this better than the man who has to make the decisions.

What choice did Herod really have? If he had just let the Christ be, wouldn't he have been derelict in his duty? Isn't it possible—indeed, likely—that every two-bit do-gooder would have set himself up as a Messiah also? Isn't it possible that if Jerusalem had fallen to the new king, other nations in the middle east would go as well—and then the whole world? What responsible king would want this on his conscience? All right, it might be objected, but couldn't Herod at least have sent troops to search for the child before taking the desperate step of killing all children? Not necessarily, for who knows how many of his soldiers might have been killed in the process? For all any of us know, Herod's methods may have saved many lives. Well, couldn't Herod have sent word that he wanted to talk with the representatives of the new king so that perhaps some *modus vivendi* could have been worked out? That is easy to say, but one must remember that he had already been tricked once by the Magi; if that was a sample of the ways of this new group of subversives, how could they ever be trusted to negotiate honestly?

As we have said, all of this is lost on St. Matthew. His account is so naïve as to be wholly unreliable. The same goes for his cohort St. Luke who, even better than St. Matthew, brings out the radical, utopian bent of the whole crowd. We hear of angels singing about peace, about "good news of great joy which shall be to all the people." These are fine words, but no great nation or great king can afford to lose contact with the real world. There is no peace in that world. Men of good will (excepting us and those who agree with us) are few and far between.

"And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us." (John 1: 14). Well and good, but that was a long time ago; what we need now is a bit of old-fashioned realism. If we try, we can all find a Herod to support.

RESURGENT OAS?

Hopes for the Organization of American States have not been high lately, but the recent Rio Conference has given them a real—if undramatic—lift. First, the emphasis has been on reform, not on the rehashing of past failures. One of the major declarations of the Rio Conference will eventually give the OAS a structure resembling that of the United Nations—an economic and social council and an educational, scientific and cultural council will be added to the current council, which will be maintained as a political body.

Secondly, the United States delegation, led by Secretary of State Rusk, apparently refrained from pushing for any kind of inter-American military machinery designed to take action against Communist uprisings in the Americas. Instead, Mr. Rusk contented himself with warning against continuing subversion from Moscow, Havana and Peking, and in particular, pointing out the new Soviet emphasis on popular fronts.

Thirdly, the conference produced "the Economic-Social Act of Rio de Janeiro," which the *Economist* has hailed as "perhaps the most modern document to have emerged from Latin America." In it the United States binds itself to the same principles of inter-American cooperation in the social and economic fields as it has in the field of politics and mutual security. Specifically, it says that "Developed member countries (the United States) which make tariff and other trade concessions to less developed countries (all of Latin America) will not insist on reciprocity." In other words, it recognizes, on this point as on others, that certain forms of "equality" and reciprocity between American states stand in the way of social justice in the hemisphere. The document is one effort to knit together the American states into a social and economic community. Latin America will have a stronger voice in fixing the terms of economic assistance. There have been countless previous attempts made along this line, but if the Rio document is taken seriously, the United States will undertake a series of economic adjustments—such as the stabilization of prices for Latin American raw-materials producers—that under the old emphasis on reciprocity and the free-

CHRISTMAS SCHEDULE

In accordance with growing magazine practice, COMMONWEAL will omit one issue during the Christmas season. The next issue will be that dated January 7. To all our readers, our very best wishes for a happy and holy Christmas.

THE EDITORS

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market price seemed like disreputable attacks on the natural order.

COLD WAR IDEALISM

As this country enters the third decade of the cold war, with its energies now focussed on the so-called "third world" of underdeveloped and unaligned nations, the moral credit it began with is all but played out. At the end of World War II, America as an international power was still a largely unknown factor to much of the world. Its idealism and principles of democracy were well known; its generosity in such programs as the Marshall Plan were unprecedented examples of those principles that simply had to be seen to be believed. And much of the world did believe.

That this is not true now is the crushing fact of our foreign policy, and one that is beginning to be felt as well in our domestic programs to help the poor and unemployed. Sen. Robert Kennedy, when he was Attorney General, was always baffled that the young civil rights militants distrusted his brother's administration. Today, voting rights for Negroes in many areas of the South are still uncertain. Federal registrars dispatched to these spots have not had the impact expected. Nor has the Negro's justified fear of white violence made federal protection forthcoming. On the contrary, the efforts of the Justice Department to make its force felt have been remarkably cautious. The reason given, that there are values of due process, state and federal relations, community values, also to be preserved, is not without merit. Not, that is, except that parallel values in international relations, which add up to peace, are being ignored daily in the prosecution of a cold war whose zealousness is frightening to sane men. Why, American Negroes wonder, is our government not so zealous in correcting wrongs at home?

But they are mistaken. Our foreign policy has elements of prudence that would shake the throne of a philosopher-king. It is awfully easy to point to Vietnam, to Santo Domingo, to the NATO hustings by which we hope to deliver an eager Franco into the Free World club and arm West Germany with nuclear weapons, to our contemplation, against the counsel of sanity, of an anti-missile missile system, thus escalating the arms race another degree. Easy, as we say, to point to items of over-zealousness. But how would these nay-sayers explain our equally large acts of tolerance, our respect of some national integrities, our realistic judgment that we cannot solve all the world's disputes, or correct every one of its injustices?

Where, one asks, is their breadth of vision? Take for example our current restraint over Rhodesia, when hotter heads are making our position increasingly difficult, not to say embarrassing, to maintain. Prime Minister Harold Wilson has put a sharp halt to any talk of military intervention, which almost surely would bring suffering to the innocent as well as the guilty. This is a welcome change from previous policy, the latest exercise having been the landing of British troops in Aden and the suspension of that colony's constitution. For our part, the U.S. has staunchly defended Britain in the U.N. against emotional demands of African warhawks for swift, effective action to bring down the Smith Government.

In simpler language, that spells military action. The West has a higher obligation. Wilson has even been reluctant to impose economic sanctions for fear of punishing the innocent. He has been pushed to modest action by the danger, as he described it to Commons, of a "red army in blue berets" marching on Rhodesia. Thus, we balance the ugly prospect of Communists under U.N. auspices coming to the rescue of Rhodesia's blacks against our own sense of proportion. It is not easy.

So far, only Iran and Libya have responded to the U.N.'s call for an oil embargo. The government-controlled British Petroleum company has circumvented the embargo by shipping oil to Rhodesia out of the independent oil state of Adu Dhabi, thus mitigating the worst effects of the sanction. Now we ask, is this good or bad? Is this not the essence of idealism compared to the callousness of those who would correct injustice by force?

PLANNING THE ECONOMY

At the best of all possible moments, the Governors of the Federal Reserve System have raised *the* question about the U.S. economy: who's running the show? The results of their upping the interest rate on Federal Reserve loans to commercial banks will probably be neither as direful as critics predict nor as helpful as the Board maintains. The economy seems unlikely to dip into one of those saucer-, bowl-, or napkin-shaped recessions which punctuated the Eisenhower days, and which were partially the result of Federal Reserve "tight money" policies. On the other hand, the extra strains put on the government's own borrowing by higher interest rates will not help the anti-inflationary cause. Higher U.S. rates may bring about less demand for American money from overseas and a consequent gain

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in the balance of payments. But if Secretary of the Treasury Fowler is correct in his analysis, Europe's banking structure will probably make even this fond wish highly unlikely.

A New York *Times* writer, commenting on the President's opposition to the Reserve Board's action, wrote that "the political implications will presumably pass with time. The crucial question is . . . the economic impact. . . ." In fact, just the opposite is true. The economic conditions which the Governors pointed to in explaining their measure—a "tight" economy operating close to full potential and thus putting pressure on both prices and wages—are actually the basis for a significant shift in the operation of political power in the United States.

By presenting the country with a slice of prosperity which both social reformers and businessmen, each for their own reasons, want to hold onto, the Administration has taken the U.S. a long way toward accepting the necessity of comprehensive economic planning. As recently as 1961, businessmen objected to an effort by the President's Council of Economic Advisors to set economic targets for the next two years. This is small potatoes compared to the strict enforcement of the wage-price guidelines which President Johnson has now promised to undertake—with relatively few complaints from business and labor.

We are well on our way to accepting economic planning, then, but what kind will it be? The fact that talking about economic planning at all has usually been borderline un-Americanism means that the process has been up to now a pretty hit-or-miss affair. The Department of Defense, the federal regulatory agencies, the courts, and the Reserve System have all been influencing the economy for years. Since Kennedy's election, the President's Council of Economic Advisors has been able to stiffen these efforts with both coordination and Presidential pressure, the latter having become under Johnson much more the rule than the exception. By asserting their independence at this moment, the Federal Reserve System Governors have challenged these more recent developments.

Their challenge may not be displeasing to the President. He may be able to offset the inflationary cost of the Vietnam campaign this way, without having to do the dirty work himself. And he has a ready scapegoat just in case the economy does go badly awry. But their challenge would also be a good thing for the whole country, if it drew attention to the lack of a rational and democratic system of economic planning. President Johnson's economic policies have been good, if still far from achieving the 3 percent unemployment rate aimed for, or the creation of enough new jobs for the young people in our slums. But another President's policies might be disastrous. And even Johnson has combined his tremendous planning powers with a most dangerous secretiveness about economic statistics. The figures released in November concerning the balance of payments were somewhat deceptive, and the most cheery view has been taken of the cost of the Vietnamese war. The Reserve's action could be interpreted as a simple act of disbelief.

In any case, the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System is not the key to democratizing our economic planning. It is a nice, safe, bankers' Board. Its career as an independent power may be almost up, since the term of a conservative member expires in January and the President can appoint one of his own men. There is also proposed legislation cutting the 14-year term of the Board's chairman to 4 years coinciding with the term of the President. These measures would coordinate Reserve System policy with Presidential policy. But they leave unsolved the major problem: coordinating all economic policy with the wishes and needs of the nation.

FATHER BERRIGAN SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF

"COMMONWEAL and the *National Catholic Reporter* have printed the facts."

—Father Daniel Berrigan in a letter to COMMONWEAL concerning his removal to Latin America because of participation in the peace movement.

•

"A Jesuit priest who was sent from New York to Latin America three weeks ago on a 'routine assignment' said yesterday that the shift was actually a disciplinary measure for his involvement in the peace movement. The Rev. Daniel Berrigan, who was co-chairman of the Clergy Concerned About Vietnam before his reassignment, said he understood that 'definite and very heavy pressures' from the Archdiocese of New York were behind the disciplining. Father Berrigan, who was interviewed by telephone from the Center for Intercultural Formation in Cuernavaca, Mexico, said 'The troubles which I am in were because of my involvement in the peace movement.'

—News story in the N.Y. *Times*, December 12, 1965: Page 5.

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WORLD APARTHEID

Present social principles do not go far enough

TISSA BALASURIYA

Though it is now 20 years since the end of World War II and the establishment of the United Nations, the poor countries are still very poor, if not poorer, and the rich countries are richer. The poor countries are poor partly because of their own lack of effort and partly because of the legacy of colonialism and the advantages of the rich; the rich are richer partly because of their efforts, and partly because of the long-term capital build-up that the colonial system and investments permitted.

Yet the world as a whole has today the means of offering its population a decent standard of life—something that for a host of reasons is simply unavailable for much of mankind. This fact alone makes it necessary that a way be found which, within a reasonable period of time, say 25 to 30 years, will bring about a sufficient redistribution of wealth among nations, adequate development within the poor countries, and, at the same time, remove the humiliation-paternalism syndrome of the present receiver-donor relationship between the poor and rich countries. For this we should first develop principles of world justice in economic relations and endeavor to establish the political structures which would make the exigencies of justice a reality.

The current social thinking on these problems seems to be hamstrung by too great a respect for the concept of national sovereignty and too little regard for the rights of human beings. The problem is similar to the one facing individual states which have to cope with internal poverty without humiliating their citizens. The theory of social justice and the welfare state has grown around the idea that the poor should receive as a right the minimum required for a decent human existence. Our theory of international social justice must develop along similar lines.

A first principle: Every man has a right to life, and the world is given to all mankind to "increase and multiply and fill the earth . . ." There is a primary right of all mankind to obtain the means for a decent existence from the resources of the world. The rights of nations and other subdivisions of mankind are secondary. The principle of subsidiarity is still effective, but not to the point where human rights are made unrealizable.

Property within national frontiers has a function for the world common good. No nation may use its property to the detriment of the common good of the human race. Indeed, before luxuries are provided, the basic human needs of food, clothing and shelter must be met. There should be institutions at a world level that could bring about, as a matter of right, the redistribution of property to establish these priorities. If this basic (Christian) principle were accepted, one could think of solutions that over a period of time could meet, in terms of justice, the problems of poverty in the midst of plenty. It might be called a principle of *economic democracy*, which demands economic rights for all men and the end of a regime of monopolistic privileges in the economic field, especially when they are founded on and defended by force.

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In this perspective, possible solutions might be discussed within two frameworks: 1) presupposing present national frontiers with the redistribution of money and movable resources; 2) adding the further possibility of redistribution of land and manpower.

Under the first hypothesis, the basic principle of redistribution should provide for each nation obtaining from the world society sufficiency of means to ensure a decent life for its citizens; in return receiver nations would give according to their means to the human society. The *terms of trade* would not be the result of respective bargaining powers; rather, like the wage contract within a nation, the trade contract would be subject to international regulations.

Another solution might be for the United Nations to apply, on a progressive basis, a *national income tax* to nations and redistribute accordingly. This would avoid the unhappy subservience of aid to ideological loyalties. A *national land tax* might achieve the same goals, based on population, national income, and cultivatable land.

One further possibility would be *national indirect taxes* on the production of luxury goods or armaments, at least as they enter the international market. Many present structures, including the U.N. and the World Bank, could serve here if the nations were willing.

Foreign Investments

Also in need of development is the question of the property rights of former colonial rulers, or simply wealthy foreign powers, in poor countries. Many international problems arise from this issue, e.g., French holdings in Algeria, the Suez seizure, Cuba's nationalization of U.S. property. What, for example, are the rights of a colonizer to earn income from property often taken more or less by force? To what extent is nationalization of foreign property without compensation justifiable in cases where the country deems that the investor has already earned the original investment several times over? These questions are not easily resolved, yet they must be confronted by our moral theology if it is to be relevant and adequate to some of the central problems of our day. The theory of "macro-justice" needs further elaboration; at present, by omission, it seems to operate in favor of the possessors.

The second hypothesis, envisaging a redistribution of land and population, is strongly handicapped by race prejudice and deep cultural cleavages. Although I am aware of the complex and debatable aspects of these problems, I would like to touch on some points, particularly the demographic revolution occurring in Asia and the land-grab of uninhabited areas begun in the 16th century by the developed Western races and virtually completed today. At present non-whites are being systematically kept out of these regions. This brief space is not the place to examine the anti-Asian immigration laws of countries like Australia, Canada, the U.S. and Brazil, which, along with the eastern portions of the USSR, contain some of the great under-inhabited land masses of the world. But everybody is aware of the under-populated western parts of the U.S. and Canada; in a sense these are *underdeveloped lands.*

Comparisons of the average holding of a Canadian farmer and those of the Indian, Chinese or Japanese peasant are quite as stark as those commonly made between the rich and poor in underdeveloped countries. China today increases yearly at a rate roughly equivalent to Canada's entire population. Yet Canada consistently excludes non-whites, as does Australia, placed at the tip of Asia. Indeed, Australia pays whites to emigrate to her sparsely populated shores. If I were born of white parents, almost the entire under-inhabited world would be open to me to settle down and reproduce my kind. Australia, Canada, South Africa, Southern Rhodesia, etc., would not speak of unemployment and other difficulties. Yet these same countries generously give non-whites arms to fight the Communists to make the world safe for political democracy and "Christian civilization." And they blame us when we are not enthusiastic.

There is nothing sacrosanct about the present distribution of the earth's surface. The enormous problems redistribution would entail are no good reason for rejecting it out of hand. Each year 100 million cross frontiers as tourists; 50 million attended the World's Fair. People hold up their hands in holy horror at South African Apartheid and segregation in the U.S., yet conveniently seem to ignore the grosser aspects of a policy of *world apartheid.*

International Authority Needed

We need a theory of international social justice that faces this problem squarely, and practical remedies that will have effects *at least over a few generations.* World peace depends on it. The present policy of "increase and multiply and stay where you are, for we have filled the earth," cannot, humanly speaking, last. The need for an international authority in this matter is crucial today, yet when one proposes this part of the question, all kinds of alibis are offered for not discussing it seriously. Catholic authors are no different in this respect from others. *Only Marxists seem to take it seriously.*

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We must face the issue as one of macro-justice, that is, concerned with giving each one his due in the macro evolution of world society. Imaginative and bold thinking is essential for a peaceful solution. If, at the worst, it is true that the white race cannot really cohabit with others, then is it unfair to ask it not to appropriate so much of the earth's surface for itself? If Australians and New Zealanders desire to preserve their racial, cultural, religious and linguistic identities, why could not the New Zealanders migrate to Australia and leave the islands to the Japanese? Or the U.N. could transport over a period of 30 years the 12 million Australians to the U.S., leaving Australia to the Indians? Or, again, the three to four million Canadians could descend to the U.S., freeing the vast plains of the west for Chinese as they gradually come over from Mongolia and Siberia.

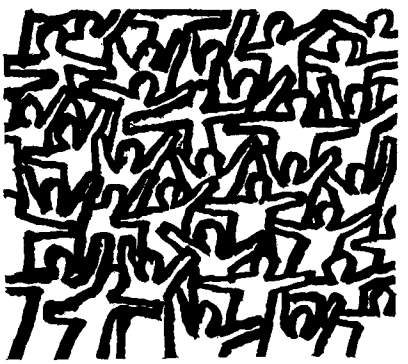
If this all sounds fantastic, the simple fact remains that in the next 35 years the world must make room for an *additional billion Chinese*. By the year 2000 the whole of Oceania will still contain less than 30 million, while India will have an additional .6 to .7 billion to feed. Every means, including migration and advice in responsible parenthood, should be attempted. But at present there is silence on the possibilities of migration as a partial solution.

The present policy of the Western nations is unfortunately a witness to their sense of racial monopoly and indifference to the implications of world economic democracy, despite their democratic creed politically. It denotes a glaring blindness to the logic of historical development, and may, as well, offer a partial explanation of the lack of gratitude shown by poor countries for what aid is given them.

The Inadequacy of Catholic Social Teaching

It is showing no disrespect for the late Pope John XXIII to suggest that certain aspects of *Mater et Magistra* and *Pacem in Terris* require further development. For example, though a good deal is made of the need for greater powers for the U.N., there does not seem to be a clear recognition that solutions to the problems of poverty in the midst of plenty should be based on social justice, rather than a mere extension of charity or voluntary international cooperation.

On some matters, such as agriculture, *Mater et Magistra* describes rather detailed remedies. Nearly ten of the encyclical's 75 pages (NCWC edition) are devoted to recommendations regarding public policy, taxation, capital at suitable interest rates, social insurance, price protection and so forth. However, on the problems of international justice, nowhere does the encyclical develop principles in any applied manner. The reference to the population problem is very general, except for a four-page treatment of the errors of birth control. *Pacem in Terris* leaves the problem in much the same way. Nor does Catholic reaction to the documents give the impression that they have been understood as appeals on the basis of social justice rather than that of benevolent paternalism. Though wonderful in other respects, in this sense they fail to measure up to the extent and urgency of the problems of world social justice.



Though the papacy says little today about migration in connection with population problems, there was a period, roughly between 1939 and 1954, when it made repeated and pointed demands that nations become more open to immigrants. Migration was put forward as a natural right of man, subject to the world common good. Pius XII spoke of the cruelty of those who closed doors to migrants, adding that no reason of state or pretext of collective advantage could justify the denial of this fundamental right. He addressed appeals and quasi-reprimands to Canada, the U.S., Australia, Argentina and Brazil. Apostolic Delegates, as in Canada, were mobilized for the cause, and the Apostolic Constitution of 1952, *Exsul Familia*, summarized the teaching and made further appeals.

One can only speculate on the relative silence since 1955. Is it that the theory has changed?—other solutions found? Certainly the problems remain. But perhaps the success of the European Common Market has made them less acute for European countries. The central authority of the Church has hardly ever raised the problems of anti-Asian legislation. It has made occasional reference to the needs of emigration for Japan, but has said or done very little in connection with the over-all problem.

Two Ideologies

The underdeveloped lands do not want to have to choose between mere political freedom, upheld by the West, and the Marxist promise of world economic de-

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mocracy. This is all the more reason why the Church's failure to develop sufficiently clearly the theory of world economic relations *in terms of justice* is so crucial. It is also the paradox Christians in the East must live with: regarded by Easterners as too Western because we value what they call "this sham of mere political democracy," and by Westerners as not understanding *them* because we see the case made by Asians for world economic democracy.

The Church cannot for much longer continue to overlook the problem. What, for example, would Catholic social thinkers say if a few million Chinese were to walk into some under-inhabited parts of "White Australia"? Would they regard it as an exercise of "the natural right of God's children to God's earth," or would they summon the "people of God" to a new nuclear crusade against the diabolical forces of atheistic Communism? These are not abstract questions when even now Australians are going forth to meet the Chinese in Vietnam "to make the world safe for political democracy." The Church's ability for dialogue with China may, in a sense, become more and more a touchstone of her sincerity and sense of justice. As things stand now, Marxists and many non-Christian Easterners do not distinguish the spiritual concerns of the Church and the interests of the Western powers.

Although very important developments in theology have occurred during the past two decades, it is worthwhile noting that almost all of them originated in countries that are part of the affluent society. This is, of course, to the credit of these countries, but it may be less than ideal for the rest of the world. As scholastics used to say, nothing is in the intellect that has not been first in the senses; one cannot love without knowing. Infallibility does not compensate for lack of contact or openness of spirit. Between the 17th and 19th centuries Catholicism lost the workers because of value-blindness to their yearnings for justice—yearnings which Marx was the first to appreciate, however much we may disagree with his analysis and solutions.

If Christians fail to realize the utter frustration being generated in countries like China and non-Communist Asia, as well as, to some extent, Africa and Latin America, the outlook for humanity and the Church is very bleak. The Church's silence may even be suicidal. The world is harsh in its judgment on the silence of the "Deputy," and the world is not less Christ-like for it.

If Christians would at least dissociate themselves from this situation of glaring international injustice, the Church's credentials would be in better shape. But this does not solve the problems themselves. In any case—though I hope I am wrong—realistically I do not see any substantial signs of a change of heart deep and serious enough to have an impact. These are problems polite society does not talk about; they are better forgotten like a bad dream.

Participatory democracy at work

THE GRAPE STRIKE

MICHAEL NOVAK

Some thirty years ago the vineyards and orchards of California were the setting of a moving novel by John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*. In 1965, a new kind of story was being written in those hot, dusty valleys, but the story is not ended yet and the outcome is still in doubt.

The bare bones of the story are that the powerful financial and political interests whose strength rests upon the landowners and growers of California agriculture are being challenged for the first time by an indigenous, dignified, courageous group of domestic laborers. These local workers are staking their income and their lives on a strike they do not intend to end without success.

There have been many strikes in California since 1929. Almost all of them were very short, and none were effective. In agriculture, there are no factory gates to picket; there are hundreds of square miles of land (the present pickets must cover 400 square miles). Workers whose annual wage does not often reach $3000, and is usually less than $2000, in a state whose median income is $6,726, have slender resources. Great national

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unions which from time to time have sent in organizers and funds have always faced a double problem: (1) to call for a strike; and (2) to organize the scattered, poorly-educated, often skeptical and abject workers. For the first time, in 1965, there are in central California small but highly motivated cadres of local domestic laborers who have been organizing themselves for more than a year; who place their faith and their trust in one another and in the ultimate good sense of the growers; and who, when the moment came, had the discipline and the courage to sponsor a strike under their own auspices. Never has a strike lasted this long—at the present writing, nine weeks. Never has hope of success been so possible.

The dollar and cents issue of the strike, moreover, is far from being the fundamental issue. Wages for the workers vary from farm to farm, but before the strike they often did not reach $1.25 an hour, plus ten cents per basket (a fast worker might fill four baskets in an hour). Most workers have to have cars, and drive usually more than sixty miles round trip to the fields that are being worked on any given day. Only during harvest time are they paid at the above rate; during the trimming season, the rate goes down; part of the year there is no work at all. The strikers are currently demanding $1.40 an hour and twenty-five cents per piece. Under the pressure of the strike, a few growers have taken steps toward meeting this demand. But the fundamental issue has not yet been met by even one single grower, not even by so much as a letter and a five-cent stamp.

That issue is the right of collective bargaining. Under the leadership of their soft-spoken, impressive and thoughtful spokesman, Cesar Chavez, the local laborers are asking for the dignity of being included in discussions concerning their own fate and that of the industry to which they are committed. They are even prepared to write a "no-strike clause" into their contracts, recognizing the perishability of the goods with which they deal. They are not prepared to allow the growers to go on paternalistically deciding what is good for the workers, or what the workers really want, or really need. They are asking to be treated as human beings—and to be granted at least the recognition that is granted to fertilizers, machinery and other factors in agribusiness. For the cost to the growers of all these items has risen in the last decade, but the cost of labor has remained almost stationary. The workers—and their traditional passivity and lack of organization—have been taken for granted.

Undoubtedly, the growers would like to continue running things the good old way—the way it was done, for many of them, in the old country of their fathers or grandfathers: Italy, Portugal, Yugoslavia, etc. The growers are willing to spend vast sums of money for political lobbying to keep things the good old way, and still further sums to bring in busloads of strikebreakers from as far away as Texas, and still further sums repacking fruit that the new, inexperienced workers mishandle. They have not yet come to the conclusion that a satisfied, skilled, local labor force is in the long run cheaper than their herculean efforts to avoid learning the lessons all other industries have learned. Every industry has special problems. Few industries have been blessed with strikers committed to nonviolence as the present strikers in the vineyards are. Few have been blessed with strikers who are unwilling to single out any one grower for their efforts, knowing that they could bring him to his knees. As Cesar Chavez has said: "It is a problem in which all the growers are involved, no single one; we do not wish to crucify one for the problem of all."

Will the Churches Help?

Chavez himself was born in Arizona, where his father worked a small farm. Like many other southwestern families, they lost their farm in the Depression and joined the caravans westward for work in California fields. Chavez spent his boyhood near Delano, and his wife's family is from Delano. It is largely because he is of the people there that, since his return in 1962 to begin his preparation for the present effort, they trust him implicitly as they would trust no outsider. He is a charismatic figure, who speaks quietly and warmly, simply and resolutely. Of medium stature, dressed in the heavy clothes of the worker, his shoes dusty, he stands calmly at a speaker's rostrum slowly choosing words of scrupulous honesty and sympathy.

Chavez worked for a time with Saul Alinsky. It is not surprising, then, that the churches of central California have from the beginning been invited to hear the cause of the workers. On a recent Sunday, Chavez spoke to six different gatherings, most of them church people. The reactions are mixed. Local ministers in the Delano area, in Kern county just south of San Francisco, have issued a statement attempting to dissociate themselves from the strike; they wish to separate such temporal matters from the purely spiritual concerns of their version of Christianity. Local political groups—city council, school board, and sheriff's office—have likewise tried to make the strike go away by denying that it exists, attributing it to outside agitation, or disclaiming its disturbances. A few growers are said to have reacted to sermons which seemed to support the strikers by stopping their financial contributions to the offending par-

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ishes; and some parishes rely heavily on the wealthy.

But throughout central California more and more congregations, or individual Christians, are sending food, clothing and money to the strikers and their families, who otherwise are totally without income. Some strikers have already lost their automobiles; others are beginning to forfeit their mortgages on their poor dwellings. The strike lives by charity. Without persevering gifts, it cannot succeed. If it is broken, a great hope will die.

Two main groups of workers are involved in the strike. One is a union of Filipino-Americans (affiliated with the AFL-CIO), the other a group of Mexican-Americans. It is the latter that is led by Chavez and attracts the most attention. In the very first days of the strike, Chavez contacted CORE and SNCC, asking them for trained leaders to come and instruct his men in the difficult art of nonviolence. The union members had for months been contributing dues of $3.50 a month to a fund which enabled Chavez to represent them. Before calling the strike—a decision made by a unanimous vote of the membership, together with the commitment of nonviolence—Chavez tried to contact each of the growers, personally, by registered letter, and by wire. Not a single one responded. The tactic of the growers is to avoid recognizing the workers. Neither the growers nor appointed representatives heed the invitations of Chavez, or of interested audiences, to debate the issues publicly. Chavez accepts all invitations, even from hostile audiences. From the other side, silence. And that is the fundamental issue.

Chavez says he cannot estimate the number of strikers, because the growers keep bringing in waves of strikebreakers. When the latter come to understand that there is a strike (in one case, a California priest with a flyer's license flew over the fields with a loudspeaker and helped to inform them), many of them leave the work. Many who do not stay to join the picketers move off to other areas of California for the sake of their family income. When some among these return to Delano after the harvest season, there may well be a crisis of food, clothing and income as the strike store dwindles.

Recently, the longshoremen in San Francisco refused to load a ship with grapes from a grower that the strikers were picketing. The growers have also taken to loading boxcars at night or in the wee hours of the morning, when the pickets are not yet in evidence. A new wave of pride seems to be reaching workers in the valley, and "*Huelga*" (strike) and "*La Causa*" are words that are also beginning to stir the middle-class Spanish communities that have moved on to better things in the surrounding cities. At a recent meeting of an interfaith social justice forum in Palo Alto (which overflowed the school auditorium of St. Albert the Great parochial school), a member of the Redwood City Guadalupe Society who obviously had come for that purpose sprang to his feet during the question period and announced with choking voice the support and prayers of his society for the courage of Chavez and his men.

The Newest Wine Yet

There is something new, then, in the central valleys this year. At the same meeting, a distinguished-looking lawyer rose to his full height at the rear of the hall and identified himself as a negotiator for management in labor disputes over the last thirty years. He said that the growers ought to learn from the mistakes of other industries. In the long run and even in the short run, it is cheaper and also better business to treat laborers as men, to give them security and take care of their medical insurance and the rest, than to try to pay for all the trouble one man like that—he nodded toward Chavez—could cause them. In the end, he said, they'll only have to pay both expenses anyway.

There also seems to be a general sentiment in the California air that the end of the *bracero* program, which the Labor Department enforced over heavy local opposition, has redounded, all fearful myths to the contrary, to the greater prosperity of California agriculture. Experienced workers do better work, and where the pay is decent, workers are even attracted from other jobs. Moreover, one local bureau (Salinas County) reports a drop in the number of families on welfare from 313 to 77, once domestic labor began to find steady work. Money earned by domestic laborers is spent in the locality. The growers do not have to pay to ship workers back and forth out of the country.

But perhaps this picture is too optimistic. Coverage by press and television is not extensive. The growers have not yet shown signs of grappling with reality, even though some moral prestige is shifting toward the strikers. They will meet the workers paternalistically, but not man-to-man. The strike is not seriously hurting the harvesting, though the work is not going smoothly. It is a bumper year for grapes. The growers are needled; the workers are hoping with a desperate but calm hope that the needle is sharp enough to puncture paternalism. And everything depends upon the charity of the larger Christian, Jewish and liberal community.

But what constitutes the newest wine in the central valley is not a longer strike than any before, but the new type of democracy which it represents. This is not the democracy of the 1930's, not the socialistic theory

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and the techniques of power and interest. Cesar Chavez was convinced that this movement had to come from the sentiments, intelligence and resolution of the community, without the benefit of national unions, their organizers and their funds. Moreover, each decision had to be participated in by the membership. The men have not committed themselves to a technique of power, for a clearly defined pragmatic goal. They have committed themselves to a way of life, to a sense of personal dignity, restraint and trust in one another and the organism of free societies. There is a humanism here which exceeds anything found in the literature of the 'thirties, a sense of community which is different from mere comradeship, a conviction that growers and workers alike are organically related and not merely separate centers of power to be brought into balance. If this is liberalism, it is liberalism in a more human and more Christian dimension. If it is democracy, it is more "participatory" than bureaucratic or structural.

There is, in short, a streak of what the British call "conservatism" in this new liberalism of the California fields. Its intellectual source is not the Enlightenment. Men are not atomic particles, but members of a community. There seem to be accents here of what the students across the bay at Berkeley are saying, in their own inimitable style: the birth of something new in American democracy, new wine about to rupture old skins.

From the Council

BIRTH CONTROL—WHAT HAPPENED?

GREGORY BAUM

The occurrences in the theological commission on November 26th and 27th were the cause of considerable consternation among the Council Fathers. They soon made headlines. Since the incident has been reported at great length in the press, though perhaps not always with precision, I should like to give a detailed account of the important matter.

Chapter I of Schema 13, part 2, deals with marriage. After debate on the Council floor during two sessions, the final text stands as an extraordinary statement of Christian doctrine. In the first place, the present chapter transcends the old position according to which marriage must be understood in terms of its primary and secondary ends. The chapter teaches that the ends of marriage are the communion between two persons in love and the procreation and education of children. These ends are mutually related to one another so that they cannot be placed in a hierarchical order. The growing intensity of conjugal love makes married people better parents and the magnificent gift of children ties husband and wife more closely to one another. The chapter on marriage, therefore, no longer speaks of primary and secondary ends of marriage.

The chapter on marriage, moreover, speaks of marriage in personalistic terms. There is an attempt to avoid all that smacks of biologism. Marriage is a covenant relationship between man and woman constituting a permanent community of life and love. The chapter explains that the objective moral criteria for sexual intercourse in married life must be based on the dignity of the human person and the human integrity of the act expressing the mutual surrender of two people in love. The criteria of morality are not biological, but human and personal.

What is not stated in the chapter is whether, in all circumstances, the conjugal act ceases to express this mutual surrender whenever conception is mechanically prevented. While the chapter clearly teaches responsible parenthood, it does not deal with the question of the means for limiting the family. This has been the wish of Pope Paul VI. The subject was only alluded to in the Council hall; it was not discussed. The theological commission did not study the issue at all. The official report (*relatio*), introducing the document to the Council, explained that this question was reserved for study in the papal commission appointed for this purpose.

The present chapter had been accepted by an ample majority in a general congregation of the Council. There were a good number of *modi*. But since their number was less than a third of the total votes, the chapter had been substantially approved. According

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to the statutes of the Council, modifications introducing a substantial change could now no longer be accepted.

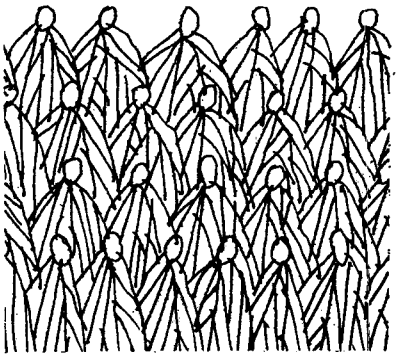
It was, therefore, a cause of great consternation to the members of the theological commission when, on November 26th, a letter was read to them from the Secretary of State, Cardinal Cicognani, proposing in the name of the highest authority four *modi* which intended to introduce into the chapter, at this final stage, 1) the doctrinal position of the primary and secondary end of marriage, and 2) the prohibition of contraception in the terms of Pope Pius XI's encyclical *Casti Connubii*. The first change would have been a substantial modification of the approved text; and the second would have made the Council take a position on a subject which had not been discussed on the floor or studied in the commission.

The theological commission was not present in full strength on that day. Because of the recess of the Council, several Fathers, including the outspoken Cardinals Koenig, Seper, and Silvas, were not present. Cardinals Browne and Cento, present at the meeting, suggested that the commission accept the *modi* from reverence for the Holy Father. At a moment of great psychological tension, Cardinal Léger got up and insisted that this was a serious matter indeed: he did not see how the commission could modify a text approved by the Council on such a crucial issue. The discussion was eventually postponed to the next day.

The whole incident immediately got into the ecclesiastical newspaper, *L'Avvenire d'Italia*. Everyone in Rome knew about it. No one, of course, denied that as universal teacher the Pope had the right to state his position to the Church with supreme authority. Yet it would have been irregular for the conciliar commission to insert this position into an approved text and make the Council say what it had not intended to say. One must seriously doubt whether the Pope really stood behind the letter from the Secretariat of State.

The same afternoon the auditors, the laymen present at the meeting, sent a special letter to Pope Paul expressing their grave concern over the sudden manner in which the teaching on marriage was to be inserted into the conciliar text.

At the meeting on the next day, several members of the commission intended to ask that the proposed *modi*, going against the substance of the text, not be accepted. Before they could speak another letter was read, again from the Secretariat of State, insisting that the *modi* had to be accepted; their spirit had to be followed, the wording could be adapted. This second letter was not understood in the same way by all the Fathers present. Some believed that this letter was stronger than the previous one, leaving them no choice at all. Others, on the contrary, felt that the second letter offered a way out of the difficulty without losing face: it insisted only that the spirit be followed, allowing the bishops to modify the wording.



In a situation of altogether unusual strain, the Fathers proceeded with courage and determination. They refused to alter the substance of the approved text. The praise of Archbishop Dearden of Detroit and Abbot Butler of Downside was on the lips of everyone for many days.

The whole issue is so important that I shall give an account of the *modi* proposed by the Secretariat of State and of their modification by the commission. I might add that all this was public the following day. The mimeographed sheets with the *modi* from the Secretariat of State got into the hands of the press. I received my copy, the original sheet distributed at the commission, from a Protestant journalist!

The first *modus* of the Secretariat of State (actually number 2 on the list) tried to insert into the text the traditional distinction between primary and secondary ends of marriage. The second sentence of the section on the fecundity of marriage, stated that conjugal love and the whole of family life "also" (*etiam*) had the purpose of making married people willing collaborators with God in procreation. The *modus* of the Secretariat of State demanded that "also" be suppressed. This would have made the sentence say that conjugal love was a secondary end of marriage, subordinate to the procreation of children. To stress this, the modus demanded that a new sentence be added: "*Filii sunt praestantissimum matrimonii donum et ad ipsorum parentium bonum maxime conferunt.*" In English: Children are the most precious gift of God (or—a most precious gift of God) contributing very much to the good of the parents themselves. After the supression of "also," this sentence, beautiful and true in itself, would have been interpreted as a support of the distinction between primary and secondary ends.

Realizing that this *modi* intended to change one of

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the main points of the whole chapter on marriage, a chapter approved by the general congregation, the theological commission could not accept it. They left out the word *"etiam"*; but in its place they put *"non posthabitis aliis matrimonii finibus"* (without relegating the other ends of marriage). This makes it clear that the stress, in this section, on the fecundity with which God blesses a marriage, does not put the other ends of marriage into second place. Once this was made clear, the beautiful sentence on children as God's most precious gift could remain. In the new context, it will not be interpreted as advocating the preference of one end of marriage over the others.

The other *modi* sent by the Secretariat of State attempted to introduce the ban on contraception contained in the Pius XI's *"Casti Connubii."*

At the very beginning of the chapter, a sentence described the ills by which marriage is threatened in our days: polygamy, divorce, etc. One *modus* demanded that the words *"artes anticonceptionales"* (artificial contraception) be inserted here, with a reference to *Casti Connubii* in the footnotes. *"Artes anticonceptionales"* are the very words used in the condemnation of contraception in this encyclical. The theological commission did not feel free to introduce a crucial issue into the conciliar text, which had not been discussed by the Council. Prior to this, the commission had explained to the Council Fathers that this question was to remain open in the text. On this basis the vote had been taken. The commission therefore changed *"artes anticonceptionales"* to *"usus illicitus contra generation"* (illicit practice against generation) without any reference to *Casti Connubii.* What are licit and what illicit practices remain open.

The next *modus* intended to modify a sentence stating that Catholics must not use methods of birth limitation which are proscribed by the magisterium. The *modus* demanded instead the words: "which have been proscribed and will be proscribed by the magisterium" (*improbatae sunt vel improbentur*—the last verb is an unusual future, the usual form being *improbabuntur*). The *modus* demanded that after "have been proscribed" a reference be introduced in the footnotes to *Casti Connubii* and to Piux XII's speech to the obstetricians. This *modus,* therefore, clearly intended to reaffirm the teaching of *Casti Connubii,* confirmed in Pius XII's speech, and therefore to close an issue which the chapter had intended to leave open.

The commission did not adopt the past and future of the verb; it retained the present tense, "which are proscribed" (*improbantur*), and in the footnotes referred to *Casti Connubii,* to the speech of Pius XII, and to Pope Paul VI's allocution to the cardinals in 1964, announcing the creation of a papal commission studying the whole matter. The conciliar commission, therefore, placed *Casti Connubii* in the context of the development in the Church.

The fourth *modus* proposed by the Secretariat of State concerned a sentence which stated that there can be no true contradiction between the divine laws of transmitting life and of expressing conjugal love. The clause to be added was: "but in overcoming these difficulties it is required that the spouses sincerely practice conjugal chastity." (*Sed ad difficultates superandas omnino requiri ut coniuges castitatem coniugalem sincero animo colant.*) Because of the way the expression "conjugal chastity" sounds to Catholic ears, the impression was given that in a situation of apparent conflict, the only solution for married people is to abstain from sexual union. This question, however, the Council intended to leave open. The commission changed the proposed *modus* to: "always preserving the virtue of chastity" (*salva semper virtute castitatis*), thereby recalling that the entire sexual life in marriage is strengthened and perfected through the virtue of chastity.

Thanks to courageous bishops, the Council document retains its original meaning. Pope Paul accepted these modifications of the commission without hesitation. It is likely that the Pope did not realize the force with which the Secretariat of State would propose the *modi* to the Fathers of the conciliar commission. Since the Pope's own commission, at their last meeting in March, had expressed itself through a majority vote on not repeating the position of *Casti Connubii,* it is improbable that the Pope now intended to insert this position into the Council document. It is known, on the other hand, that members of the Curia desire to have the papal commission dissolved since their position on doctrinal continuity disallows changes in natural morality.

It is quite clear that in the difficult question of whether there is a morally significant difference between natural and artificial means of avoiding conception, there is a real doubt in the Catholic Church: the Council Fathers, including cardinals, are not in agreement on the issue, nor are the Christian people, nor Catholic theologians, nor the papal commission. Since the conscience of the Church is so deeply divided on this issue and since the solution is in no way contained in divine revelation, the authoritative norms which the Pope himself, as universal teacher, will propose in due time, shall not be a definitive interpretation of divine law, binding under all circumstances, but rather offer an indispensable and precious guide for the Christian conscience.

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Where do the teachers go?

THE NEW NEGRO CASUALTIES

J. MICHAEL ARISMAN

"I've talked a lot about the forces of history, but I never expected to get run over by them." The words are those of a Negro high school teacher in Asheboro, North Carolina, who, with an increasing number of his colleagues, is losing his job in the reshuffle accompanying school desegregation. Under Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, most Southern school districts are being forced to begin the process of integrating facilities. This has meant the consolidation of Negro and white school systems in some areas, and consequently a surplus of teachers, particularly at the high school level.

Not very surprisingly, Negro teachers have carried the greater share of the burden in jobs lost. In fact, from all evidence, they are carrying the entire load. This is so partly because of persisting discrimination at levels that have been barely touched by the civil rights law. But it is also, and perhaps more importantly, the result of generally inferior educational qualifications on the part of Negro teachers. Precise figures are not available on how many have lost their jobs, but the National Education Association reports uncovering nearly a thousand dismissals to date "as a direct result of school desegregation." An NEA investigation currently underway promises an even higher figure, and civil rights leaders and Negro educators claim the actual number is several times that of the reported cases. Many teachers, they say, either resign under pressure to get favorable recommendations or hope to find other jobs in their home communities.

North Carolina, Texas and Florida are the worst offenders, largely because desegregation is proceeding most rapidly in these states and they have already begun combining the school systems. North Carolina has more than a hundred documented dismissal incidents. Thirty-five of the teachers involved have been in the courts seeking relief. In one North Carolina school district, the ratio of white to Negro teachers rose from 85:26 last year to 92:11 this term. In Asheboro, 14 teachers and a principal were put on the street when the Negro high school was closed.

The discouraging situation was summed up by E. B. Palmer, executive secretary of the North Carolina (Negro) Teachers Association: "Enrollment jumped in the previously all-white schools because of integration, but the additional teachers hired to meet this growth are white." As a matter of record, no white teacher yet has lost his job in any state because of school reorganization.

Neither the federal government nor the courts have been much help in the immediate crisis. President Johnson did tell the NEA Convention in July that he had "directed the commissioner of education to pay special attention, in reviewing desegregation plans, to guard against any pattern of teacher dismissal based on race or national origin." The Office of Education has been alert, but the discrimination is not overt, and therefore not easily dealt with.

The courts have discovered this as well. A federal judge in North Carolina dismissed suits from three cities because of lack of evidence. In the case of three Hendersonville Negro teachers, Judge Braxton Craven, Jr., compared their background and qualification files with those of 14 newly-hired white teachers. His conclusion did not differ. It is true that in Virginia last June a federal district judge ruled that seven dismissed Giles county Negro teachers had been discriminated against; but the precedent apparently is negligible. The North Carolina decisions came later, and they showed clearly the magnitude of the problem of deciding discrimination cases on the basis of professional qualifications.

To get at the patterns of discrimination that do exist, the courts and federal government must clear two major hurdles. One is economic, and it was stated pointedly, if smugly, by North Carolina's superintendent of education: "A segregated school system costs more to run than an integrated system. It's only natural there would be fewer jobs."

The other hurdle is educational. Whatever the real motives of the Southern school boards in dumping Negro teachers, reasonably sound cases can be made

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against many of them on the grounds of inadequate qualifications. Unfortunately, the standard assessment of Negro teacher training in the South is all too true. The problem, put simply, is this, according to Dr. David Darland of the NEA, the coordinator of the project to assist displaced teachers: "Many Negro teachers are going to lose out not just because they are Negro, but because they don't measure up. Their education has been traditionally bad. They are victims of inferior elementary schools, inferior secondary schools and inferior colleges. They started behind, they stayed behind and it would take a superman to catch up." There are, of course, many well-prepared and well-qualified Negro teachers fully capable of teaching in any state of the union. But those most susceptible to replacement are not among them.

Last summer a Negro high school teacher in Chapel Hill, in a report filed with the Labor Department's Office of Manpower, Automation & Training, blamed meager budgets for the poor staffing, inadequate facilities and narrow curricula of the whole Negro educational setup. Negro colleges must gear their programs for ill-prepared students; brighter students often are not well motivated. After graduation, many of the most aggressive and well-trained teachers go North, leaving behind a high number with no real aptitude or interest, content merely to have a decent job with status.

Negro educators disagree. Dr. S. E. Duncan, president of Livingstone College, a Negro institution in Salisbury, North Carolina, maintains "the average Negro teacher and the average white teacher would have about the same impact on a class of youngsters." But this is clearly a minority view. Even those who agree the training of white teachers in the South tends to be poor, nevertheless find it impossible to defend Negro teacher training. What is more, most of the announced plans for aiding the teachers emphasize helping them reach acceptable academic levels, and these have the endorsement of the Negro educators.

The bulk of the problem is yet to come, however. One NEA spokesman estimated that up to 5,500 Negro teachers could lose their jobs in 17 Southern and border states in the next few years. Not only will those currently employed be hurt by consolidation, but white applicants will be preferred to Negro college graduates. And with the credentials issue as it stands now, a "plan of unitary non-racial future employment, re-employment and assignment," requested in the Hendersonville case, could possibly pave the way for more rather than less racial discrimination.

For the present, most of the efforts revolve around finding new jobs for the teachers. A 36-man NEA task force is studying the problem in Southern and border states, while NEA members are being asked to provide a million-dollar fund for retraining, relocation and legal defense. Federal and state employment agencies are joining in the hunt for jobs, particularly in teacher-scarce areas, and if not in education, then in related fields. Special courses for teacher certification are to be provided under the Manpower Development and Training Act. New York City will soon have its own "Operation Reclaim," by which it hopes to hire as many as 500 of the displaced teachers. The project ties in with the New York school board's policy of increasing the number of Negro teachers in its schools.

But the thrust of these programs remains, necessarily, relocation, rather than improving the competitive position of the teachers in their home communities. They are, essentially, stopgap measures. Many of the teachers, especially the older ones, are rooted in home and family. Women cannot leave husbands. More important, the emotional security and status offered by the ghetto makes the prospect of professional competition on the outside look bleak indeed. Relocation in fact may prove a greater psychological threat than an economic aid.

And then there is what would be left behind. As a Negro teacher in Charlotte said, "I don't know what we could do about it, but I'd hate it to get the way it is up North, where integration means all the children are taught by white teachers." Such long-range implications cannot be ignored, even though the immediate problem is finding jobs.

Ultimately, more permanent solutions will mean somehow equipping Negro teachers to compete at home. From a legal standpoint, court suits must be pressed and the federal government compelled to remain vigilant, if only to buy the time needed to accomplish the training task. Until then, as the Charlotte *Observor* commented, maybe "School officials should begin examining the qualifications of all teachers to determine, if and when the time comes, who may need more training."

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POEMS FOR CHRISTMAS

JOHN ENGELS

SEASONAL POEM

I have forgotten; it was time, or not,
And we had come this distance from that place.
The late streets burned with ice; the car was hot,
Yet season drew the white breath from your face

And froze it to the windshield, leaf and flower,
Stem and pod; but we were coming near
And late; for all that proof of breath—God knows the hour—
We stopped someplace to scrape the grown glass clear,

For whether we had come or we had gone
From home or host it still remained to see.
The winter cracked and flooded on the lawns.
Our clean glass caught moon-shadows from the trees

The clear grain of the white road turned to mud,
The roadsides leaped and hollowed; we were home.
We saw the gardens greening of our blood.
Christ's harsh hands rake and ravel at the bone.

SISTER MARIAN FRANCES, S.N.J.M.

CHRISTMAS CARD VERSE '65

PEACE to men of good will
to men of bad will, also
for good will come of it.
Will peace to Selma?
Good! Will Nativity remembered
Piece together
the shredded brotherhood,
Christ's garment, bloodstained,
Black and white?

DAVID CURRY

THE CRECHE IN THE MADHOUSE

A frightened patient might go wild and break
a finer One to cut himself or someone;
the Christchild here is paper for his sake.
And Mary, one-dimensional, will shun
each eye that does not face her plane. The beam
that lights the Holy Family leaves a cow
in darkness. A draft of air flutters the scene
so that the kneeling Magi seem to bow.

But Jim, our ancient Negro, for hours has been
before this slight display, singing a hymn
that knows the meagerness of that first inn.
This song of somehow mournful praise from Jim
swells in the darkness of the ward and makes
its prayer where, hit by wind, the Christchild shakes.

JACK LINDEMAN

THE HERMIT OF A SINGULAR THOUGHT

Master of exile,
dawns bursting
from each awakened eye,
he is perfect
among brooding elbows,
the hermit of a singular thought.
He is appropriate
beneath leaves
or while the sky
with its varied imagination
rests easily
against his upturned palms.

SISTER M. EMMANUEL, C.S.J.

NORTHEAST OF GAZA

(A bishop spends Christmas Day
at a Convent Novitiate)

The young eyes glowed from gazing on the sun,
there was no need to seek a King or star,
but children's children will better sing
their *Venites* on distant Christmas winds
because a wise man journeyed from afar.

The gift is irretrievable: time is
both price and payment, never merely loan.
With frankincense and myrrh still redolent
upon his hands, a loved but lonely wiseman
later trekked to Christ and found Him home.

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JOHNNY ONE NOTE

THE STAGE

"One song, I have but one song," said that bloody little squit Snow White, and John Osborne would probably grunt a surly "amen, ducks" to that. For Osborne also has but one song, and but one way of singing it. The Osborneman, who is both the singer and the song, the actor and the play, has billowed forth in a number of different disguises, his grievances modulated, and his responsibility for them reshuffled (that is how you tell one play from another); but Osborne has never bothered to devise a new rhetoric for him, or a new angle of vision.

However, what Osborne lacks in variety he can more than make up in intensity. Within the confines of his gunny sack he agitates like a religious sensitive. And he always plays it with feeling; an honest tradesman in a dirty stinking world.

What gives some slight movement to the surface doldrums of Osborne's work is the way his interpretation of the Osborneman fluctuates. Is he dirty and stinking too? Sometimes yes, sometimes no. In "Look Back in Anger," Jimmy Porter seemed to stand outside society, a wounded saint looking down in judgment. Although Porter ran his own menage like a concentration camp, he rattled off humanist verdicts on the outside world like a Gatling gun. In "The Entertainer," the Osborneman is still victim and part-time judge, but he is closer to the world's rottenness and has contributed to it. The ambiguity is primitively handled, particularly in "The Entertainer," in the bursts of little-fellow decency which seems to place him temporarily outside and above society (of course, they really are images of society's own sentimentality, but it isn't clear whether Osborne means this).

Now in "Inadmissable Evidence" we have a hero who is so totally merged with society's evils that you can no longer tell who has done what to which. Society is to blame for him, but he is equally to blame for it. The Osborneman is victim and executioner, debaser and debased—and either way he loses. In bullying his subordinates, he is imitating one of society's unpleasanter aspects; in crawling to them, he is imitating another. Society is ourselves, and the man who would flay the one must flay the other.

With such an advance in psychological realism it would be too much to expect a comparable advance in narrative technique. In fact, "Inadmissable Evidence" is as dramatically and intellectually static as anything he has done. Since it concerns a man in Hell, one could argue that staticness is part of the point; but things do not ever get worse, although they try hard to, and even a fiendishly versatile performance by Nicol Williamson cannot keep a certain Osborne-fatigue at bay. The playwright's logorrhea rolls over everything in the end, neutralizing events and characters like a lava that turns living matter to stone. Everything that occurs is broken down into the same type of statement, the same pattern of words, so that the only hell left is the fact that the Osborneman will not stop talking. Hell enough, but we have been there before.

But again there is a psychological advance here, because Osborne seems to have realized for the first time that the factual situation is usually secondary to the verbal situation in his world, so he has turned the whole play into a verbal situation, a talk-nightmare as opposed to an image-nightmare. He has converted all his actual happenings into mental events, and has reduced his characters to one, making the others into backdrops, metaphors, dream-figures. This leaves him free to wrestle with the central psychological data without cluttering the place with weak secondary characters and significant plot twists.

He has, in brief, locked himself up in one skull and found there all the rottenness and stagnation and aimlessness of a whole society. A few years ago, he wrote his famous "I Hate You England," a croak of anguish which made him something of a butt for a while. Here he is saying through the Osborneman "I hate me, I am England"—a more interesting and less vulnerable statement.

Bill Maitland, his latest incarnation, is a divorce lawyer, who absorbs into himself all the pain and cruelty of his clients' lives, because they are also his life. In the hallucinating insomnia of drink and pills, he can barely tell which life is which, it is all a great sea of pain. In his mind (the whole thing takes place somewhere between his sub- and his semi-conscious) he acts out the lust, cruelty and self-pity that are the mainstays of his profession. By the end, the stage is empty: even his phantom companions have fled in disgust.

A scoundrel, without a doubt—yet the condemnation comes from his own mouth and no one else's (this presumably is what is meant by "Inadmissable Evidence," this and the fact that you can't use a man's dreams against him). And even at that he is a better man than Jimmy Porter, further along in the life of the spirit, and he graces, on the whole, a better play. (*At the Belasco*)

WILFRID SHEED

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THE SCREEN

It's interesting that two new films of high quality just managed to escape being soap operas through good acting and superior productions. "A Patch of Blue," produced by Pandro S. Berman, tells a poignant story of an eighteen-year-old blind white girl who is rescued from a sordid home life and "fate worse than death" by an outgoing Negro fellow who befriends her. Guy Green, who directed the well-chosen cast, also wrote the screenplay (from Elizabeth Kata's *Be Ready with Bells and Drums*) and was successful in keeping this tender tale from becoming soupy.

His cast is also helpful in this direction, especially Sidney Poitier, superb as the soft-voiced, thoughtful Negro who is shocked at the way Selina's mother has mistreated the girl and deprived her, and Elizabeth Hartman, who gives an amazing performance in her first movie as blind, underprivileged Selina discovers a new world through her new friend. As Selina's mean, bitchy mother, Shelley Winters overdoes the portrait of a parent who would use and abuse a daughter—what's more a blind one. The role is right out of Dickens at his most dramatic, so it's not surprising that Miss Winters carries on vilely as she pushes Selina around. As Shelley's scheming girlfriend, Elizabeth Fraser also portrays a slut; and the scenes with these two show vicious women at their worst. Wallace Ford gives a realistic and moving performance as Selina's grandfather who helps to make the tenement apartment in which they live a little more bearable; but the old man is worn out, and he drinks to escape his vile daughter.

The racial situation is handled particularly well in "A Patch of Blue." The friendship between Poitier and the girl grows slowly and nicely after he meets her in the park, helps her string her beads, learns of her miserable home life, and determines to help her. She does not know her kind friend, who teaches her how to cross the busy city streets and shop in the supermarket, and even takes her to his apartment for lunch, is colored until later when her mother sees them together and beats up Selina for going out with that "black buck." It is Poitier's brother (Ivan Dixon), however, who objects most to the friendship not only because of the problems that may grow out of it, but also because Poitier is helping a white girl. The scenes between Poitier and Elizabeth Hartman are done with a pleasant humor and at times a touching sharpness. My only quarrel with "A Patch of Blue" is with its excessive length. Guy Green directs slowly and carefully, but some of the incidents, especially those showing the mother mistreating the girl, become unnecessarily repetitious. This tale of Selina and her good friend is only one, albeit most important, episode in her life, and the beautifully-directed finale makes this clear.

Also longer than need be is the two-hour "Life at the Top," which is a ten-year-later view of what happened to some of the characters in "Room at the Top." While this sequel has neither the bite nor drama of its predecessor, it is still an interesting movie, and its episode-crowded plot about contemporary society and a marriage-on-the-rocks is by no means dull. Those who saw the first film will remember its ironical ending when the ambitious, self-centered social climber Joe Lampton (Laurence Harvey) marries the boss's daughter and wonders what next. By now Joe (Harvey again) has discovered that life at the top as a business executive at his father-in-law's woolen mills isn't quite as rosy as he expected. He's bored with his wife (Jean Simmons in this version); he himself bores his snooty son; and his father-in-law (Donald Wolfit again) is determined to hang on, hold the reins as long as possible and win Joe's son from him. Joe's wife has been having an affair with Joe's good friend (Michael Craig) and Joe soon finds himself sleeping with Norah Hauxley (Honor Blackman), a TV personality.

What "Life at the Top" becomes is a sort of English "La Dolce Vita" in which a strangely unpleasant society spends most of its time at back-biting, bitchery, and adultery. James Woolf has given this display of upper-class mores a handsome production with good black-and-white photography of fine English backgrounds. And director Ted Kotcheff has handled his large and good cast expertly. What it all adds up to, however, is that if this is life at the top, life at the top is not for me.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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BOOKS

Ganging up on the liberal establishment

Reclaiming the American Dream

RICHARD C. CORNUELLE

Random House, $3.95

JOHN P. SISK

Mr. Cornuelle's little book comes with the endorsement of Richard Nixon, Governor George Romney, William F. Buckley, Jr., and Saul Alinsky – a good example of the kind of mixed company one is likely to collect nowadays if one's blueprint of the good society is critical of the liberal establishment.

Mr. Cornuelle is sufficiently critical. His dream is that the good society and the free society can be realized together, and his model is that pre-Depression America in which for more than a hundred years fact was close to dream. He is concerned to show how the Depression and the increasing complexity of modern society caused us to lose faith in this dream, how our efforts to achieve humanity and freedom are being frustrated, and what we can do to reverse the trend towards the unlimited government that will dehumanize and enslave us.

The key to this reversal is the revitalization of the independent sector, that network of institutions which once did the bulk of business now done by government. Our trouble now is that we think and speak of American life in terms of two sectors only – the public, or governmental, and the private, or profit-seeking – and so are hardly aware of the immense potential for independent action waiting to be released. The author agrees with Saul Alinsky: "if a three-sector society becomes a two-sector society, it will then soon become a one-sector society" and we will find ourselves in the Orwell-Hayek technological hell.

Mr. Cornuelle has a conservative's suspicion of any extension of federal power. Ideologically, he is not far from Barry Goldwater, and his reading of the American past is in many respects just as vulnerable to attack. It would be a mistake, however, to dismiss *Reclaiming the American Dream* on the basis of this resemblance. Mr. Corneulle writes out of detailed practical experience, and his social conscience is dramatically present in his book. He has been too compassionately close to the facts of inequality, injustice and privation to be able to view government encroachment on the independent sector as simply the consequence of a lust for power. And he knows too well the aimlessness and technological backwardness that characterize so much public service work in the independent sector to idealize its present operation.

His expectations are ideal, however, since he is convinced that these deficiencies can be corrected. Properly schooled and organized, the independent sector is capable not only of competing with government (the competition itself he sees as vital) but ultimately of driving government into its proper narrow corner. In the process of course, the impasse between liberals (they are frustrated because their medicine isn't working) and conservatives (their protest is without a program) will be broken.

In all of this the author banks heavily on the individual's now largely frustrated or misdirected desire to serve. Indeed, his faith in this willingness is an attractive feature of the book. But he banks heavily too on the beneficient operations of selfishness. What Mr. Cornuelle fails to take into consideration (it is a characteristic American failure) is the extent to which the welfare state he deplores is a project of the American's efforts to protect himself from the consequences of his own selfishness and materialism as he has become familiar with these characteristics in his anxiety-generating drive for affluence and security. The welfare state may indeed be viewed as the expression of a national weakness, but that weakness exists where the conservative tends to see only strength.

Mr. Cornuelle aspires to recapture an America in which public business becomes everybody's business and in which the walls of privacy that shut us off from concern for our neighbor are broken down. So far as he is arguing for a more charitably involved citizenry it is hard to be against him. But there is also involved here that nostalgic sociology that identifies the collapse of a sense of community with the conformism and facelessness of urban-industrial society – an identification vigorously protested in *The Quest for the Dream*, John P. Roche's study of the development of civil rights and human relations in twentieth century America.

I would like to make it clear, however, that I consider Mr. Cornuelle to be more often than not on the side of the angels. He has written a clear, vigorous and yet temperate book that suggests everywhere the presence of a good and concerned man. Individuals and communities at work in the independent sector should find it an indispensable guide.

Who Speaks for the Negro?

ROBERT PENN WARREN

Random House, $5.95

ARTHUR KALEDIN

The best of the many books thus far written on the Negro Revolution is by a Southerner, and there is justice in that. Robert Penn Warren brings to the task the skills of a novelist and the sensibility of a reflective Southerner seeking to understand his special heritage. His book is informed at every step by an awareness of the ambiguities of history and social change, a

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capacity to see the Negro Revolution concretely in terms of the people who have made it, and an unsentimental, uncondescending compassion. His achievement is to have rescued the Negro Revolution from the slogans and simplifications of journalism and sociology without reducing it to historical chaos.

Who Speaks For The Negro? is mainly a verbatim record of conversations Warren held with a wide variety of Negro leaders and "revolutionaries"—not only the familiar Martin Luther King, Whitney Young, James Farmer, Bayard Rustin and Roy Wilkins, but Negro politicians, academicians, bankers, students, field workers for SNCC, CORE and the NAACP, and writers (Baldwin, Ellison). These taped conversations are imbedded in his reflections on the history, social situation and psychology of the American Negro; they are shaped by his own deft questioning; and all together constitute a compendium of Negro opinion, an eloquent inner history of a social upheaval that is another moment in the continuing dialogue between ideal and reality in America.

There is no simple answer to the question of the title. All these angry and placid, conservative and radical, blunt and circumspect voices speak for the American Negro. By virtue of his eloquence, James Baldwin has caught everyone's ear; but while his descriptions of what Negroes suffer are obviously accurate, his furious negations and burning prophecies are not representative. That the Negro movement is multi-headed has long been clear. Beneath the overarching commitment to the struggle for equality, one finds extensive disagreement on nearly all matters of strategy and analysis. There is certainly no common vision of what the future good society will or ought to look like, other than that it ought to be one in which each can make his own reality—one in which, as James Farmer puts it, there will be for everyone "maximum opportunity for significant choices." One is struck by the over-all conservatism of this cautious revolution (Warren wonders if it is one); on the whole we must say that American Negroes seem quite willing to come into the "burning house" of our society.

It is the heterodoxy of the Negro Movement that suggests its profoundest meaning. What the Negro seeks, in addition to a fair share of the wealth of the nation, legal equality and social freedom, is to escape from the tyranny of the abstraction "Negro," which limits individuality and the possibility of self-fulfillment. Thus any Negro in speaking for himself, in expressing his own vision, his own insights and passions, his own eccentricities, his own uniqueness, speaks for the Negro. Warren's own gifts conspire to make this clear. With the novelist's dislike of the abstract, he has taken pains to individualize everyone who speaks in his book, emphasizing differences in tone and rhythm of speech and the physical individuality that color-conscious whites rarely see.

This variety of voices and goals insures that there will be little overt ideological accord and little tactical harmony among American Negroes. In view of the inertia, prejudice and vested power the Negro movement must overcome, in an age dominated by the triumphant image of the ruthless, charismatic revolutionary (and, one might add, by the forceful image of a willful Lyndon Johnson), the heterodoxy of the Negro movement with its lack of an iron-handed impresario might be cause for dismay. Even granting that our society has been remarkably responsive to minority pressures in the past and has shown a persistent genius for the kind of compromise that takes the steam out of revolutionary sentiment, the social problems we face now seem too massive and complex for ordinary democratic muddling.

Warren is not, however, discouraged by the Menshevism of the Negro movement. Most Negro leaders, he says, while men of impressive idealism and dedication, are also men of "intellectual power" and "realistic intelligence"; they are, he finds, not naïve about power and "are willing to apply it when and where it pinches." The absence of an "iron-bound brass-studded orthodoxy" among Negroes insures that pragmatic flexibility, the delicate-crude means to success in American politics, will prevail in a situation in which dogmatism and "overreach" could easily lead to violence and catastrophe. What Warren sees as the consequence of the tough-minded debate that is going in the Negro community "is not the quick whipping up of an orthodoxy but the envisagement of a number of possibilities, options, relations and consequences to be explored imaginatively," which means "that policy can develop flexibility through the process of exploration by action and envisionment by trained imagination. This is the kind of pragmatic and, it is to be hoped, constantly self-rectifying process appropriate to a democracy."

This fortuitous experimentalism no doubt is a strength; but to bank now on the reasonableness that has so often (though not always) in the past solved our social problems and kept our political system functioning, may be unrealistic. One must ask what the "pragmatic and self-rectifying process" Warren counts so much on would have accomplished without the violence—the cruel violence of fanatical opponents of desegregation, the blind violence of the despairing Negro masses penned in our urban ghettos – that has accompanied our mid-century social revolution. Reasonable men cannot ask for violence and must deplore it, yet in our present social conflict it seems indispensable for their purposes. It is not non-violence but the violence provoked by non-violent resistance to injustice that has thus far provided the necessary impetus for necessary change—and the shrewd Martin Luther King knows this. Warren hardly ignores the question of violence, which is ironically the subject of so much reasonable talk in his book, but if he is sentimental about anything it is about what debate and "realistic" maneuvering can accomplish in our present social agony. To say this is not to counsel violence but simply to recog-

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nize what is happening and to point out that Warren's optimism may be ill-founded.

In 1929, the young Robert Penn Warren wrote an essay in defense of segregation—he was never able to read it after having published it. Since that time he has in much of his work devoted himself to the travail of exploring the human meaning of our agonizing social dilemma and to freeing himself from the killing burden of the falseness in his cultural inheritance. He has done much to liberate us all. The background of his latest book is the continuing outrage of the inhumanity of our society's treatment of Negroes, but the book itself is a testimony to human rationality. We read it with despair and hope.

Samuel Johnson, Poems

EDIT. E. L. McADAM, JR.

Yale University Press, $10

GARRY WILLS

If there be any land, as fame reports,
Where common laws restrain
the prince and subject,
A happy land, where circulating pow'r
Flows through each member
of th' embodied state,
Sure, not unconscious
of the mighty blessing,
Her grateful sons shine bright
with ev'ry virtue;
Untainted with the lust of innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
Unbroken as the sacred chain of Nature,
That links the jarring elements in peace.

Good lines, from a bad play. From Johnson's *Irene* (trisyllabic), on which he pinned all his early hope of fame. Here are parallel lines from an immeasurably superior play:

The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
Of common justice, y' are as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any. . .

Johnson's ideal is escapist. He imagines a perfect peace where every citizen shines bright with every virtue. But Shakespeare's Duke, who had earlier lived with that kind of idealism, discerns the true "circulatory system" of human authority. He gets to the universal dictates of justice only after considering the concrete temper of his people, their historical constitution; and in the last line he reinforces the primacy of ruling skill perfected by exercise. It almost looks as if the Duke, who was a great reader and a bit of a magician, peeked several centuries into the future and anticipated the publisher's release date on some of Burke's volumes.

In Shakespeare, Johnson's "great chain of being" is retained, but it seems always to be off at the smithy's for repair; snapping two links for every one that men reforge. This is the point of Henry V's patched-together legitimacy. Henry is no Machiavellian, but he does (in a way Richard never dreamed of) "put the murderous Machiavel to school." The very tools Machiavelli invented for sundering "the great chain" Shakespeare recruits in the effort at repairing it. This may burden men with a dishearteningly humble view of politics; but it makes for good plays. On the other hand, all one needs is the passage quoted from Johnson's play to indicate how useless were his talents inside the theater.

In principle, Johnson would agree with the Shakespearian politics. He was far from utopian. Why, then, the eloquent political unreality of *Irene*? The lines I quoted give, I think, a fair (perhaps over-generous) taste of the play, which has its virtues — all of them undramatic. Johnson cannot send characters out of his head to tinker independently at reality's ties; he is too busy, in this play as in all his work (even the Dictionary!), wrestling with himself.

He is perhaps the most fascinating personality in all English history; and, like most magnetic people, he too was fascinated. But there is a difference: others are taken with their achievements, he was obsessed with his own inadequacy and abysses. He is forever attacking himself in his satirical essays. His public roaring at infidels and enthusiasts is a peripheral disturbance around the ceaseless self-flagellation of his journals. His great targets in debate are the things he most often confessed to himself — doubt, ambition, elation or depression, debilitating melancholy and "sloth." In a work as early as *Irene,* he has already zeroed in on "sloth, That gloomy slumber of the stagnant soul."

The famous poems from Juvenal are great because Johnson found a way of distilling in them the personal resentment, the pessimism to which he normally denied expression. His attempt at a saving touch of piety toward the end of Juvenal 10 ("The Vanity of Human Wishes") is symptomatic, but unconvincing: the whole poem denies the view that "celestial wisdom calms the mind." It attains a nihilistic mysticism — like Pope's at the end of the *Dunciad* — in lines like the one that describes an air thickened with greed and greed-infested prayer: "And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales." Juvenal 3 ("London") was written at the time of Johnson's first baffled struggles with that city. The human maze he later came to love "from the inside" is seen, here, from the outside: there is a bit of envy as well as scorn in "Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau." The famous line "Slow rises worth. . ." stays fairly close to Juvenal's less tight remark on *res angusta domi,* but men heard at once a personal cry in it. There is striking confirmation of their intuition in the most intimately autobiographical poem Johnson ever wrote — the somber Latin reflections on the completion of his Dictionary — where Juvenal's *res angusta* is incorporated in personal history.

Johnson could be the great moralist because he was not condescending to others, in his essays, but condemning himself. What might be platitude on other lips has a personal urgency on his. His very generalization of vocabulary, his metronomic control of antithesis, serve to distance emotion, keeping it under control, not acting as a substitute for it. He thought of himself, always, as a rake in process of reform — making efforts by and large unsuccessful, afraid to give up the vigilance which imparted a minimal discipline to his irregular life, sleep, labor. (Some of

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the most heartfelt verses in this book of poems are on the balm of sleep.) This helps explain his camaraderie with Boswell. The candid self-analysis of Boswell's own journals has recently given him an independent status, taking him out from under Johnson's shadow; but in the long run the Boswell papers must bring the two men closer together in men's minds than ever before. On different levels, for different stakes, with different success (which explains Boswell's crushing admiration for his master), the two men were fighting the same fight, a caliginous struggle with oneself.

The success of Johnson the moralist—in his Juvenal, *Rasselas, Rambler,* and in his vast treatment of the English vocabulary as a set of moral signs – had to spell the doom of Johnson the tragedian. There could be no compromising with his own dramatic characters: they are himself. He must preach at them as he does at himself, chastise their faults (an early draft of the play ends on a note of exaltation that poor Irene has been made to *bleed* for her apostasy), and imagine a serenity forever distant from their hopes ("Sure all unite. . .") – as peace was banished from his mind.

Many have wondered why Johnson did not complete his other Juvenal imitations, which he had largely shaped in his head (as he did all verse) and claimed he could dictate at will. He must have realized how uniquely the two poems he published served as outlets for his own anguish. The other satires would not serve as vehicles for such emotion. If it was to be confessed at all, it must come out from behind the mask of Juvenal – an indulgence unthinkable to him. His later poetry is almost all in Latin – exercises written during insomniac nights, or personal outpourings channeled within the restraining ancient metre and vocabulary.

Why read his poems, then? Eliot has exaggerated the greatness of the two from Juvenal, though they are undeniably great. His brief Latin ode written from the Isle of Sky is perhaps even greater than his two English masterpieces. But after that, there is no major work –some deft translations from Horace or the Greek anthology, one fine version of Anacreon and one of Boethius, a few metrical jests. To compile the 430 pages of this volume, the editors must (after *Irene* has filled almost a third of the space) have assembled all the reported improvisations Johnson amused his friends with, and collected the mottoes from the top of *Rambler* essays. Not much of a poetic *corpus.*

Yet somehow Johnson commands respect even where he cannot win admiration. Those cowed by him – which includes most of those who ever read him seriously – will enjoy the very touches that shatter dramatic illusion in *Irene.* We can see him laboring at the effects that will come unbidden later. Here is the keystone polysyllable that resolves yet maintains an entire phrase's tension:

> The wand'ring rivulet, and silver lake
> Mix *undistinguish'd* with
> the gen'ral roar.

The heavy word that paradoxically lifts a line: "Soars *unencumber'd* with our idle cares." His thought lunges at a particular point; then, in mid-career, checks itself; and, with a generalizing word, turns a transitory observation or argument into a timeless enunciation. No one wants Portia, Shylock, Bassanio and the rest to interrupt their play and deliver a Johnsonian pronouncement. But it is actually a relief to have Irene, Aspasia and "Mustapha" talk like Johnson. It is good talk; and it was not a very good story even before Johnson marred it. (Those familiar with Rossini's Mustafà will not be able to keep a straight face in the presence of Johnson's "Aga"; and Cali Bassa deserves to be made "il grande Kaimakan").

This book is a new volume in the magnificent *Works* being put out by Yale. It updates the edition McAdam did two decades ago with David Nichol Smith. It does not give extensive notes, or illustrative parallels and sources (like the Yale volumes of Pope); worst of all, it does not give the Latin lines for Juvenal 10. The classical side of the volume is seriously deficient. There seems to be no good reason for afflicting Johnson with incorrect or omitted Greek accents and breathings – things his early publishers were presumably more guilty of than he was. The editors correct these pointings in one poem; then why not in the others? Statius *Silvae* II,3.65 is misquoted (*pendere* for *pondere*). And in a volume of this importance, a fresh translation of Johnson's own Latin should have been made for his epigrams from the Greek anthology (over 100). The editors print at the bottom of their page a Loeb translation of the Greek Johnson worked from; but he often compressed, expanded, or altered for meter's sake (e.g., 9.66), usually a discrepancy between the Latin of the text and the English in the footnotes. Sometimes, indeed, there is little or no relation between the two (*e.g.*, 10.31, 7.590). Such hugger mugger, in a volume so physically beautiful, in a series so ambitious, after the appearance of two fine volumes, is inexplicable.

Still, I suppose, worth every penny – all thousand of them.

The Seed Beneath the Snow

IGNAZIO SILONE

Atheneum, $6.50

J. S. RUBENSTEIN

The jacket blurb tells us that an earlier version of *The Seed Beneath the Snow* "was first published in 1942 to high critical acclaim." The present remake "shows Silone at the height of his powers, with an insight into the human heart that is probably unmatched in contemporary European letters."

This is lavish praise indeed, typical of the middlebrow encomia so generously heaped upon long, earnest novels about the adventures of the heroic and the innocent under totalitarian rule. If you liked Simone de Beauvoir and Boris Pasternak, you'll love Ignazio Silone.

Silone's heart-warming tale is set in the Abruzzi, a poor, hilly section of southern Italy whose scenery makes early Rossellini seem luxuriant. In this Yoknapatawpha-among-the-Apennines the good old relationships among the landed gentry and their peasants had for some time been disturbed by the

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rise of a new class; and, in the 'thirties, when the action of the novel takes place, even this comparatively tawdry squirearchy gives way to "The New Eloquence" of Mussolini.

Pietro Spina, the grandson of a Lady Of The Old School (Sartoris pride, Snopes money), had taken part in some ill-organized antifascist maneuvers. When this vague endeavor collapses, he becomes an outlaw, literally hiding in caves.

In the mud just outside one of these caves—which he shares with a donkey and a deaf-mute named Infante—he observes a wheat seed coming alive under a patch of melting snow. He falls in love with the seedling because it is a symbol of rebirth. (He falls in love with the other figures in his underground crêche because, one gathers, that is the thing to do.)

As the book wears on we follow Pietro out of the cave; return with him to his grandmother's decaying mansion; watch him playing house in an abandoned hay barn with a disreputable and somewhat boring gentleman named Simone, the deaf-mute imbecile Infante, and a second amiable donkey. We intrude upon his chaste carryings-on with the town strumpet who of course turns out to be not only a virgin but in every way a most admirable lady. We are given to understand that the fascisti are in hot pursuit; but Italian efficiency triumphs over the narrator's art, and there is less tension than in overcooked spaghetti. After 450 pages of this kind of thing, Infante's father — a goose ex machina — returns from Philadelphia, where he'd lived for twenty years, and manages to get himself killed by his imbecile son. Pietro, doubtless out of boredom, turns himself in for Infante's crime.

With all the religious emblemism that pervades the book, the ending comes as a tepid shock. Why, one asks, are we given both a Simon and a Peter? Does Infante's patricide represent anything more than the casual violence of the feebleminded? And then, how do we take Pietro's assumption of responsibility for Infante's crime?

Maybe these questions should never have been asked. I suspect that Silone would consider them fly-specking and beside the point. His major concern, I take it, was to depict the break-up of traditional values that occurred at the time of the fascist ascendancy and to demonstrate the survival, as in the title's seed, of ineradicable human qualities. Fascism is bad, Silone says, and true pastoral brotherhood is good. It is usually dangerous to chase after tidy moral formulations in works of fiction, but *The Seed Beneath the Snow* seems to require that this be done. I imagine Signor Silone, an earnest and intelligent man in his mid-sixties, telling some interviewer over an afternoon glass of Campari that he devoted so many years' work to the book because of the importance of conveying to the reading public his views about fascism.

Although the intellectual content of the book is not particularly complex, just about everything—narrative, representation of the principal figures, symbolic cohesion—is made wholly subordinate to its quite patent message. *The Seed Beneath the Snow* is a classic example of the Novel of Ideas, what Nabokov defines as "topical trash coming in huge blocks of plaster that are carefully transmitted from age to age until somebody comes along with a hammer." In Silone's book, 450 pages were apparently sufficient to elaborate the ideas which the author wishes to share with his readers; the last fourteen pages suffice for the introduction of Infante's father, his murder, and Pietro's assumption of guilt. Once the author's point had been made there was no need to prolong the narrative; and the rapid, unprepared denouement, if clumsy, at least puts an end to things.

The Novel of Ideas doubtless serves a useful role by supplementing the kinds of information available in weekly magazines. Novels of Ideas are also plentiful sources of innocent fun. In *Doctor Zhivago*, for example, there is a memorable scene in which the hero, to remind us that he is a poet and therefore sensitive to the Glories Of Nature, climbs out of a stalled railway car to waddle in the snow and admire a Siberian sunrise. *The Seed Beneath the Snow* attempts, but does not quite reach, that peak of solemn absurdity.

The World, The Worldless

WILLIAM BRONK

New Directions, $3

RICHARD M. ELMAN

Through the open French doors I hear my eighteen-month-old daughter chattering with her mother. She is trying on words to find some that will please her. She has her favorites, of course: "apple sauce," and "open," "elevator," "nose," and the names of her cousins which she runs together as "Michael-and-Susey," but, in general, the logic of her choices escapes me. It is primal, sensual, incantatory. She will never just say "fish" or "talk" or "funny" but "fishfishfish" or "funny. . . .Funny . . . .FUNNY. . . ." or "talk. . . .Talk . . . .TALK," each time repeating what are to her astonishing and strange new sounds with increasing loudness and emphasis.

When her mother says "down," she is sure to respond with "up," or even a self-contradictory "up-down"; when her mother offers her an "egg," she is certain to announce "sticky," then to invoke the spirit of "Humdy-dumdy," as she calls him; and if her mother points out through the open kitchen windows to a boat steaming up the fecal Hudson, she is almost certain to go: "Toot-Toot! TOOT-TOOT-TOOT!. . .All gone!"

Thus my daughter — not uniquely — asserts, through her play of repetitions, contradictions, learned as well as chance associations, a few of the standard methodologies of the poet, but remains as innocent of the craft or intention of poetry as I am removed from the state of babyhood. She is too easily satisfied with her own efforts. She does not crave novelty at every moment, but will grab a sound out of the still air and then din it into her own ears until, at last, she grows cross with herself and begins to cry.

Is this the poetic impulse? There is really not such a universe of difference between her incantations and the

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"world" of poet William Bronk in which naming things is to give them those shapes which tyrannize and imprison our perceiving of them, in which "to live in a hogan under a hovering sky/ is to live in a universe hogan-shaped,/ or having hogans in it to give it shape,/ earth-covered hovels, holes having a wall/to heave the back of the heart against. . . ."

William Bronk's work is, of course, not at all innocent of poetry. His use of language is often sparse but always craftsmanlike and sometimes sublime. Mr. Bronk's diction seems effortless. His vocabulary is not flashy; like many of our younger poets he seems to distrust metaphors, but, unlike them, he is perfectly capable of speculating with scientific and philosophical words, if he is so moved. Bronk reminds one a bit of the early Wallace Stevens, but it is not because of particular echoes but through a similar intensity of vision.

If he makes what he does seem easy, it is not alone through the care he takes in the use of words that he outstrips the efforts of a child. For he is using sounds intelligently and there is a particular passion to the lucidities of his thought. Although "poetic," he is also quite prescriptive: "What we want is a *here* with meaning, more/than a vague void moving with weightless balls/or the distant view of a glitter of gritty dust. . ." And his vision is realized in factual and precise language: "The air we breathe is fresh sweet, and warm, as though/with berries. We are here. We are here./ Set this down, too, as much/ as if an atrocity had happened and been seen./ The earth is beautiful beyond all change."

In an increasingly cynical age this is, at once, a very moving, a very knowing and a very daring statement. It is Mr. Bronk declaring his aesthetic, staking out his rights and independence. Like all truly first-class poetry, it does not have to outrage us with a spurious novelty; it is true because it is scrupulously itself; it is the ornament to its own honesty.

Are there other William Bronks among the clack of American poets appearing in magazines and books? Think back on all the naked self-assertions and self-aggrandizements which pass for honesty in the poem these days. Not a touch of gentleness but the stink of rival afflatuses, the pretensions to a candor which is, in fact, cramped and bullying and self-asserting. The spirit of our times is of Grubb Street, Bohemia, and the Academy appallingly intermixed, each living symbiotically off the most poisonous excrescences of the others. It is a poetry of slops preserved in embalming fluids.

The great modernist revolution of half a century ago, which in sweeping away the old orders of conventional feeling and conventional form produced some works of great genius, also considerably cheapened standards of poetic taste and judgment by inadvertently substituting new conventions of feeling and form to which most of our poets are still hide-bound. When we speak of the decline of poetry's influence on our thinking and feeling, we usually blame this on the competing attractions of a vulgarizing mass culture, of the depravity of the audience, but the really serious dwindling and decline has been in the poet's own belief in the value of his endeavors.

Today's *aparatchnik* of the campus poetry scene, to quote from an amusing verse account of his career by Ted Berrigan, is one who "in some obscure way/(has) been a good deal better satisfied with/powerful vagueness." So it is that wisdom and poetry become almost contradictory ideas: the modernist poet does not reason or think but evokes; and he must never instruct if he hopes to delight. If free verse—in Frost's definition—can be likened to playing tennis without the net, this is even more absurd. It is playing tennis without the ball. No wonder, then, that truly a thoughtful poet like Mr. Bronk finds difficulty in getting his work published, read, and believed in. He has found a way to incorporate all the modernist innovations of plain speech and free versification without sacrificing poetry or intelligence.

"We turn/and turn again another way to find/some way to state the world, dissatisfied/ none answers," Bronk writes, in a poem celebrating the painting of his ancestral home in Hudson Falls, New York, but the dilemma he addresses himself to is of widening significance; it is the dilemma of the modern poet urging language and meaning upon a Culture which believes in sound and accident. It is through this impressive faculty for asking questions reasonably yet passionately (and without any contradiction felt in these two modes of asking) that Bronk's affirmations, as well as his denials, take on a legitimacy denied to so many of his contemporaries whose use of words seems to lack even the sense of weight and movement of my daughter's astonished efforts at speech.

William Bronk is a very factual poet. He tells us: "Along the river, white long-legged birds/Lift one foot slowly, pause to put it down,/And lift the other, down, and feed, absorbed,/ In certainties that never fail, though blind." Many of the facts he puts forth about the world are of an even homelier nature. But it is his ability to reason from these facts which sets him off from all the skilled imagists, the cartoonists of the world we live in. One of his finest poems is entitled, "There is ignorant silence in the center of things," and, in it, he asks: "If we could talk, could hear each other speak,/ Could we piece something, could we learn and teach,/ could we know?" When was the last

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REVIEWERS

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time you read an American poet trying to ask such beautiful and serious questions?

Motherwell Retrospective

ART

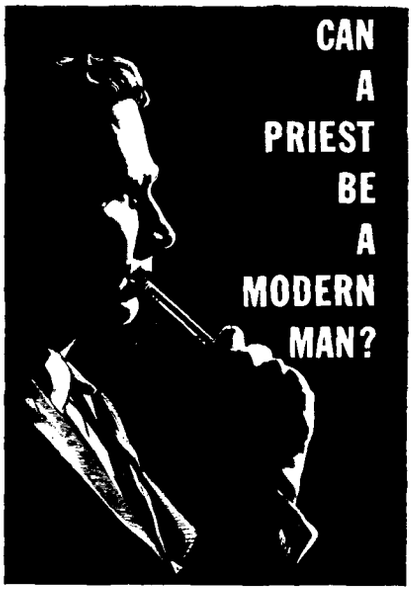
Always having seen Robert Motherwell's paintings included among those other abstract expressionists – in fact, it always seemed to be one version or another of the Elegies for the Spanish Republic, leading me to believe he was a later-day Ernest Hemingway with an idée fixe – I was taken by surprise by the recent retrospective at New York's Museum of Modern Art. Motherwell's strength and variety are something you are not led to expect, either, from his widely publicized articles and lectures on the subject of "modernism"; instead of the tense ideologue Robespierre you would expect to meet, you are confronted by a robust Danton who preserves the structural virtues of an abolished regime.

A rare, straightforward statement in a letter to Frank O'Hara (who arranged this choice and illuminating exhibit) points out that "having a retrospective is like making a will." What is the legacy of this 50-year-old American artist? A well-lit and substantial estate where suggestible abstract forms live and breathe, communicating their states of being to us in Morse code, but very plainly. Like the experience of being earnestly addressed in a language you don't know but that is closely related to one you *do* know – say, addressed in Portugese if you know Spanish – the experience of Motherwell's communication is slightly eerie. In this he differs from other abstract expressionists who are further removed, more aristocratic or egotistical. This simplicity, this sociability of Motherwell's *is* very engaging; his collages, like fragmented gift-packages, are particularly expressive of this quality. The conversation hovers in the middle distance, the meaning of it all is right on the tip of your tongue.

If the conversations with Robert Motherwell take place in the middle distance, in his painting that middle distance is an assured place and flooded with an unequivocal light. There are few nuances, and his strength is a matter of form. The gesture, the resonant image, the rhythmic or emblematic structure, these are the insights he deals with, and he deals with them with formal expertise. His work is a nice balance of inspiration and expertise, of automatism and formal discipline. The special flavor of his style is that he is romantic and unconventional tactically, while he is classic and conventional strategically; this turns out to be a very satisfactory program in art. It permits liveliness, originality and variety within a sturdy and coherent framework; nothing goes to waste, and fresh ideas are rationally exploited.

A fine painting at the exhibit is a large one entitled *Two Figures With Cerulean Blue Stripe*. There is a Goya-esque expressiveness to the two blot-forms, one large and the other a small attendant form further off; this work has more space depth than most, although it is still firmly anchored in the middle distance. The protagonist has a dog-like look of surprise – a lady, a torero, a bull? Whatever it is, it looks out with a certain dignity from the arena of the canvas, its attendant form poised in the background, and the clear vertical stripe of cerulean blue on the left adding a perfect festive note. The clarity of this work is so compelling, its forms are so alive, the sensation it produces of a "moment of truth" so acute, that one has the impression of happening on a scene of transformed reality where shame, dignity, fatality and gaiety are transfixed. The disposition of the forms and their relationships, as well as their specific character, make the picture complete.

Motherwell's forte is not the making of masterpieces, but a very high level of performance. He knows (although heaven knows, he doesn't know how to say it in *words*) what he is doing. Inevitably, he has been unfavorably compared to Larry Rivers by the critic of the N.Y. *Times*. He is certainly less



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gifted technically as a draftsman and a colorist, but he is incomparably better endowed in the realm of formal ideas, and above all he is master of his subject. He is (or seems to be, in this exhibit) incapable of making the gaffes that Larry Rivers is prone to. It may be said that Rivers is gaffe-prone and that Motherwell is almost gaffe-prone. In art; in words they seem to be in the same gaffe-prone boat.

BETTY KAUFMAN

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CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 359*)

some actual or suspected mistreatment in earlier life. Perhaps the author was thrown off the altar by some altarboy moderator because of a legitimate absence from service. Mayhap some sister never chose him to clap the erasers or the bishop slapped him too hard at Confirmation.

Bishops and religious superiors, of which I am neither, certainly can be taken to task for high-handedness on the one hand and oversensitivity to the conservative elements on the other, and in some instances cited in the article this may have been the case. I claim no special knowledge of Father Berrigan's case or any of the others in question, but I do believe that the writer has been intemperate, unjust, and lacking in that charity without which our faith is meaningless. I might add scandalous since the pre-publication "leak" to the *Times* seemed to invite all readers to see how COMMONWEAL fearlessly clobbers the authorities of the Church. [Nothing was "leaked" to the *Times* by COMMONWEAL, but if we had thought of it, we would have. — Ed.]

"For the fact of the matter is that Father Berrigan's removal is a shame and a scandal, a disgustingly blind totalitarian act."

Father Berrigan, from this distance, appears to be a sincere, convinced participant in many good causes. He has been to Selma and spoken out against the war in Vietnam. He has declared the moral issues as he saw them as a Catholic priest. This is his responsibility and he has not shirked it.

Apart from any responsibility of the Cardinal Archbishop of New York, Father Berrigan's religious superiors have an obligation just as he has to promote proper moral judgments on war and racial justice. They also, it would seem to me, have a responsibility that those in their community who speak out on these and other subjects do so in a manner which distinguishes clearly between moral judgments and their responsible implementation. If in their honest judgment one of the community which they direct is imprudent to the point of endangering the very principles he is trying to teach, they have an obligation to correct when possible and to remove when advisable said person. Such judgment is not infallible, but it is a necessary part of the superior's office to act after seeking advice. This makes sense and is not a "disgustingly blind totalitarian act."

The COMMONWEAL, it seems to me, goes off half-cocked on occasions like this too often. You seem to react to the effect of such things as viewed by the eyes of misunderstanding outsiders rather than as members of the family. It would seem to me that you would better serve the cause of justice and truth by exercising caution rather than being guilty of rash judgment.

As far as I can see, no one spirited Father Berrigan out of the country and any duress determinable could only be attributed to the vow of obedience. Father Berrigan may not agree with the actions and conclusions of his superiors but he has shown his sense of responsibility by acceding to their direction. This is his finest hour.

As they may have been in the case of Teilhard de Chardin, they may now be wrong, but in placing the good of Christ's cause, as they honestly see it, above the individual's freedom of expression as a priest I don't see how you can fault them.

The latest "in" game for Catholics, priests included, is bishop sniping. It's lots of fun and any number can play. For children a simpler form has been devised, pastor sniping. It begins with the assumption that all Church authority is wrong until proven right. For every wrong you can point out you advance three steps. The winner becomes lay pope. Since there are many

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legitimate complaints one can get a good head start and soon becomes infallible.

Controversy bothers me not at all and I have often cause to argue with COMMONWEAL, but this is the first time I have been moved to write because injustice bothers me as much as it bothers you, no matter who may be its victim. (REV.) JOHN J. GORMAN

P.S. I am not a pastor either. Still in the sniper class.

An Opportunity

Lowell, Mass.

To The Editors: After reading your glowing defense of the 4-F draft-card-burners in the November 19 issue of COMMONWEAL, a periodical I formerly respected for its aspect of truth, you may now offer one of these unfortunate fools the opportunity of burning this subscription at one of their future glowing, histrionic conflagrations, although I would like to tell you to do something else with it. EDWARD J. LYNCH

"Obvious Dilemma"

Spokane, Wash.

To The Editors: I have no basic disagreement with the philosophy of non-violence and pacifism as expressed by Thomas C. Cornell in the Nov. 19 issue "Why I am Burning My Draft Card." And although I find David Miller a very inarticulate and confused pacifist, I do sympathize with his obvious moral dilemma. We, in this society, grant the right of individual conscience in the matter of participating or not participating in the military life of the state. But the people grant this right only for moral and religious reasons, and only if the individual opposes all war, regardless of reason or purpose. Yet in the current reign of protests, most of those who declare they cannot, in conscience, support our efforts in Vietnam, are not pacifists.

The basis for their dissent raises strong doubt as to whether their primary motivation is moral. These individuals with their "pick and choose" conscientious objection, selecting those military actions they will support and those they will oppose, are resting their arguments on very shallow grounds when they use the moral issue as their reason for withdrawing support from administration policy.

They do not oppose war as a means of settling disputes, as do pacifists, or even the type of warfare occurring in Vietnam, only our military involvement in that country. If the United States were to remove its troops, doubtless these protests would soon cease, even though the Vietcong insurgency would continue, and probably increase in intensity.

I well realize that moral and political motivations are often concomitant. With most of the recent protests, however, there is strong doubt the dissent is morally motivated. Condemning as morally reprehensible our actions in Vietnam, yet not doing the same for the continued aggression by the Vietcong, raises a very valid question as to the genuineness of the moral reasons given for the protests.

DONALD H. OWEN

A Dissent

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: As an old friend I feel moved to write you about your editorial on "Burning Draft Cards" [Nov. 19]. I fully approve your emphasis on the validity and importance of the issues of conscience involved. It is the duty of the objectors to refuse to serve if they conscientiously believe that this is an unjust war, or if they are committed to the principle that all war or violence is wrong. I also take your word for the impressiveness of the Union Square Meeting on November 6, and can well believe it.

However I think you omitted one point in your editorial which you should have made and attached much too much weight to another. First, a clear distinction should be made between those conscientious objectors who are dogmatic Christians, Tolstoyan or Gandhian pacifists – that is, who abjure all violence even in defense of the weak – and those pacifists who object only to

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"'SCHOLAR HINTS DRUG *Faked Jesus' Death. Berkeley, Calif. – UPI. Jesus may not have died on the cross at all, but rather may have been fed a drug that put Him into a trance and fooled His Roman guards, says a leading research anthropologist commenting on a recent book that suggested that the vinegar passed to Jesus on a sponge might really have been such a drug.'* – Milwaukee Journal. *Maybe He's alive and living in Argentina?"*

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serving in an "unjust" war. The fact that they may pragmatically tend to consider *all* wars evil, futile and wasteful does not absolve them from honestly weighing the *alternatives* in each case.

When they make a judgment that the war in Vietnam is unjust they assume a moral responsibility to examine all the facts and alternatives with an open and honest mind. That is the essence of the application of the Christian or Jewish conscience to this sort of decision. Can you name me one of the pacifists (who are not in the above category of absolute pacifists) who show signs of having made this effort – such as dealing conscientiously with the counter-arguments on the U.S. government's side?

Granted that Thomas Cornell's eloquent statement, which you print, was not the place to do this at all thoroughly, doesn't it indicate the opposite attitude? And has he done so anywhere else? It contains several categorical statements and assertions of facts which are highly doubtful. There is no hint of giving the benefit of the doubt to the motives of those who disagree with him; still less, any hint that there *could* be any validity to any of the arguments made by the government, or the citizens who support it on Vietnam. He also implies his qualifications to speak as a military expert when he asserts "it is a war that cannot be won," and as a political expert on the area when he says "it was shameful for us to enter." He may not call President Johnson a "murderer" himself, but he identifies with those who do.

I maintain that this attitude not only lacks Socratic humility but lacks the essential spirit of Christian charity; though Cornell's language is dignified and restrained on the whole. He says, "we have dedicated ourselves to the war upon war, to the development of non-violence as an effective means to resist tyranny." Yet he is not a Gandhian or Tolstoyan absolute pacifist, for they have no need or interest in claiming that one war is more unjust than another. Gandhi seldom attacked the British motives in India, and, unlike Nehru, very seldom distorted the facts about the British record.

Needless to say, a conscientious and honest examination of the available facts on Vietnam will not necessarily agree with my own conclusion, which is to reluctantly but *fully* support President Johnson's Vietnam policy, as a whole. This is true even though most of the people who know most about Vietnam, and who are free to speak because they are outside the government, take that position. Thus, Mr. Cornell and the others may be right in believing that the war is both futile and unjust. However, those who do so must recognize that others who may be equally devoted to peace may honestly and reasonably differ with them.

Needless to say, it is also possible for troubled Christians, who are not *absolute* pacifists, to support the National Council of Churches' call for an end to the bombing of North Vietnam, and also call for a restriction of the bombing in South Vietnam for ethical, humanitarian or political reasons, *even if such restrictions might prolong the war and cost the lives of more American soldiers.* The attitude of doubt, self-examination and scrutiny which COMMONWEAL editorials have maintained is a good example of this legitimate approach.

Yet most of the protest leaders, even the more responsible ones, usually attack the *motives* as well as the judgment of those who support the necessity for the war in Vietnam. I can speak of this from experience, having taken part in a dozen teach-ins, most of them at different universities. Nearly all the critics brand as "an unjust war" the U.S. effort in Vietnam to keep our promise to defend a small and weak people, and in so doing to strengthen confidence in our pledged word to defend others around the world – and thus to deter other wars and greater aggressions. The protesters refuse to grant that this is in any way a tenable thesis, or even a well meant error. At the same time, the protesters defend, or ignore, the crimes and treaty violations of Communist China in Korea, India, Tibet and Laos, not to speak of their glorification of war and violence as the only path to world revolution and eventual peace. How can such an attitude be defended or ignored by pacifists, even if their anti-U.S. Vietnam policy is right?

CHRISTOPHER EMMET

Demonstrations

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: Your editorial "Principles and Facts" in the November 5 issue could not have been more timely. The Selma marches focused the eyes of the nation on the protesters of various alleged "wrongs" and "discriminations." We have since seen many instances which prove that protesting is not only national in scope but also may reach a wide variety of subject matters, or "social-moral evils." So, while the editorial was timely, in my opinion it would be just as worthwhile now to clarify a few points and avoid possibly unintended broad interpretations.

For example, you wrote of "peaceful, illegal protests being legitimate." What illegal protests are to be encouraged – what form should, or may, they take? If we are to invite the flouting of the laws of this nation, shouldn't this be made clear?

Again, it is hard to agree with your first stated principle, i.e., "every person has a moral right to follow his conscience," without considering your fifth stated conclusion (which I do not believe was limited to the Vietnam issue) – "that demonstraters have the *duty to make discriminating judgments also. . . .*" (Emphasis added) It is a conscience based on an informed judgment, it seems to me, which one should follow. But cannot it be suggested how this type of conscience should be formed and cultivated – where does the individual look to enable himself to make the various judgments involved? If we invite a violation of some valid law (the law being violated by protest may not be the law which is allegedly discriminatory, or may have absolutely no connection with the particular moral issue involved), should not this decision be made by an *informed* person *upon due deliberation?*

My fear is that perhaps your edi-

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torial invites undefined illegal protests without suggesting adequate guidelines by which to apply the stated principles to the facts of the situation involved. Is it enough that a priest, nun, member of the laity or anyone, on his own, makes the "discriminating judgment" that (your condition number two) "a law has been deliberately framed to discriminate against certain groups or viewpoints"? If it is, then perhaps your three stated conditions are little more than open invitations to much illegal conduct, and to scandal. Without further guidelines, from someplace, we are left with nothing but individual judgment unlimited – e.g., events of the last few days fully illustrate that some Viet protesters do take your third condition ("the position taken by the majority of the people, by democratic means, is *clearly* immoral"), apply it to the same "facts" you've stated (at page 138), and arrive at a diametrically opposed (to yours) conclusion, i.e., that illegal (and immoral?) demonstrations over Vietnam are justifiable, here and now. I believe the context of our times needs further clarification of "Principles and Facts", a task I hope COMMONWEAL will undertake.

MICHAEL D. SULLIVAN

"The Secular City"

Buffalo, N.Y.

To The Editors: I have followed with interest your series of articles concerning "The Secular City." In all of the discussion in your publication, however, I found missing several critical points: 1) No mention is made in the book of the Roman Catholic or Jewish participation in the life of the city, or the university; 2) When the point is made of anonymity in the city and its opportunity for new-found freedom, the possibility is a live one only for the affluent. For many in large cities, life is vulnerable, exposed at best, and victimized at worst, and it doesn't look as if this situation is going to change much in the near future; 3) When Dr. Cox discusses the Church, he is obviously a Baptist. No one who lives constantly with the sacramental life of the Church (I am a Lutheran) dismisses this means of grace lightly. It is not even alluded to in the book.

There are many things which could be discussed, but the first review by Daniel Callahan really raised a basic issue – what does become the Christian's point of contact with God?

JOHN A. BUERK

"New and Better Means"

Minneapolis, Minn.

To the Editors: I am a fairly young parish priest, interested in people, looking for new and better means to help them–and myself. I just finished reading your four articles on the *Secular City* [November 12] and cannot help but make a few comments and observations.

For at least five years I have intensively read Rahner, Durrwell, Shillebeeckx, Bouyer, Diekmann, Lepp, Häring, Congar and the rest. Recently I was introduced to Robinson, Bonhoeffer, Cox, Winter, and similar names. Speaking as a man who is immersed in the practical with a love of the theoretical, I must say that the only men who seem to speak to my kind are Cox and his cohorts along with Congar, Lepp and Häring. After reading these men some of the others come through.

It is, then, my opinion that we desperately need more men like Cox, Callahan and the others and less critics like Andrew Greeley–who seems to be getting expert at missing the point of books, e.g. *Are Parochial Schools the Answer?* I lament the fact that Greeley sounds like an insulted, fearsome clergyman who is still using his collar to be heard; I had hoped this era was coming to an end. It is also somewhat disturbing to me to hear Father Greeley accusing Harvey Cox of "ivory towering"; Father Greeley's years living in a parish were not exactly in the heart of the city.

I am appreciative to sociologists for their contribution, but the men who write obviously do not always make the surveys from which they write; at least some of them must not, e.g. Father Greeley. Harvey Cox and his kind seem to be talking more about the people I have encountered in three different parishes: one suburban, one semi-suburban, the last urban.

People need more men like Cox. The Message is not so clouded when he presents it.

(REV.) RON WELSCH

No Pox to Cox

Ann Arbor, Mich.

To the Editors: A comment in doggerel on your "Secular City" exchange [November 12]:

Chanson du Harv

An urbanized troubadour, Cox,
Has reopened Pandora's Box.
His hymn to a City
That's really quite pretty
Leaves critics full scotched on the rocks.

Like Andrew, The Reckoner of Chi,
Who heaped up his heraldry high
To fall on the foe
As if dealing a blow –
And was last seen while galloping by.

Or Michael, The Gadfly of Sorts,
Who's jousted in most of the courts
And knows the declensions
Of all the conventions.
But here they have missed his imports.

For he sees a role for theology
Betwixt and between ideology.
Lay hold of the mystery
Of secular history
By thinking real hard:
"Eschatology!"

'Tis here that Ethereal Dan,
Who worries for Technopol Man,
Can nurse the potential
For God-deferential
Apart from a morte d'urban.

For Harv is no gloomy Weberian
Nor spirited Prometheterian.
He's Lester Frank Ward
In the strain of Teilhard:
A Free-willing Predestinarian.

(REV.) JOHN WHITNEY EVANS

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